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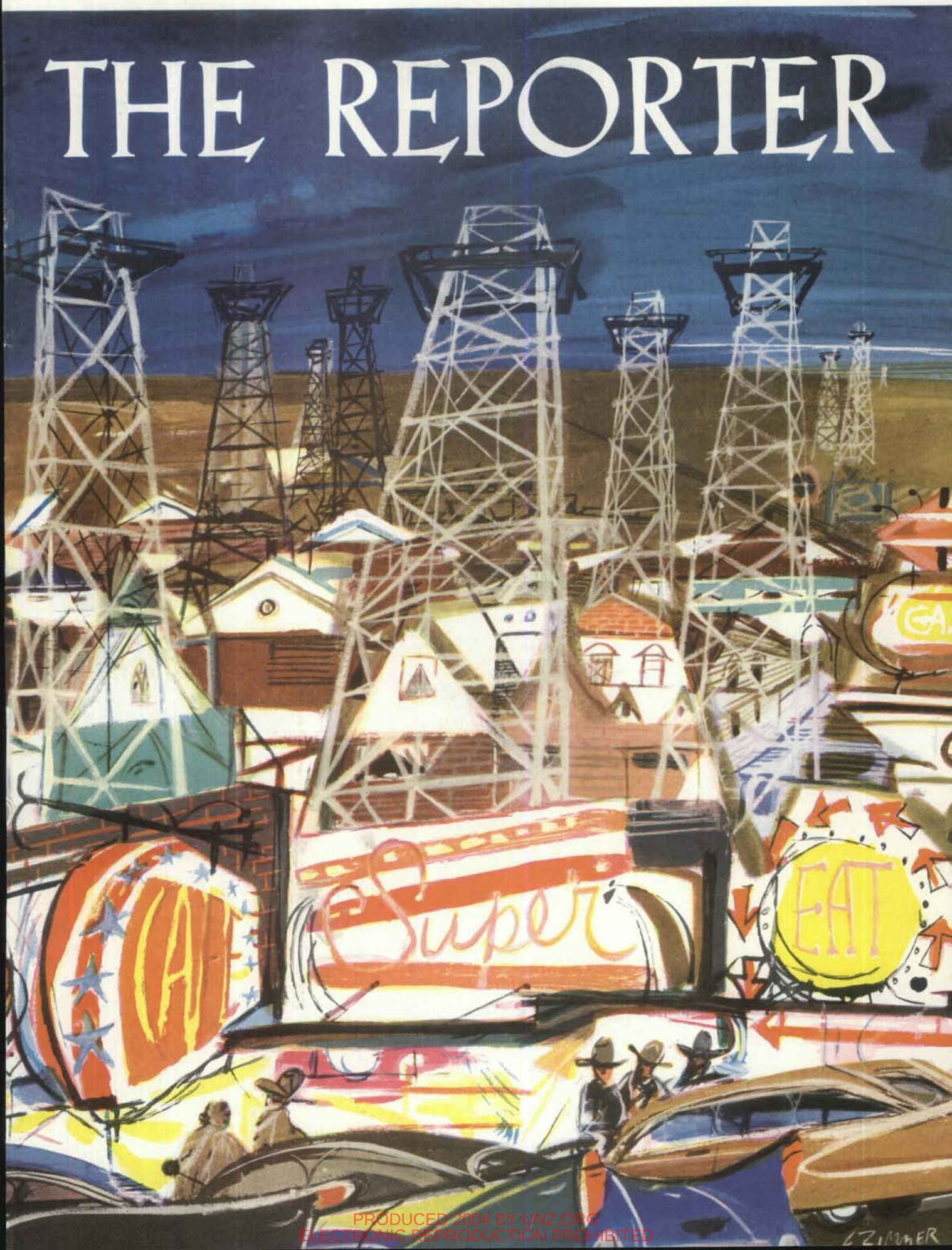
THE REPORTER



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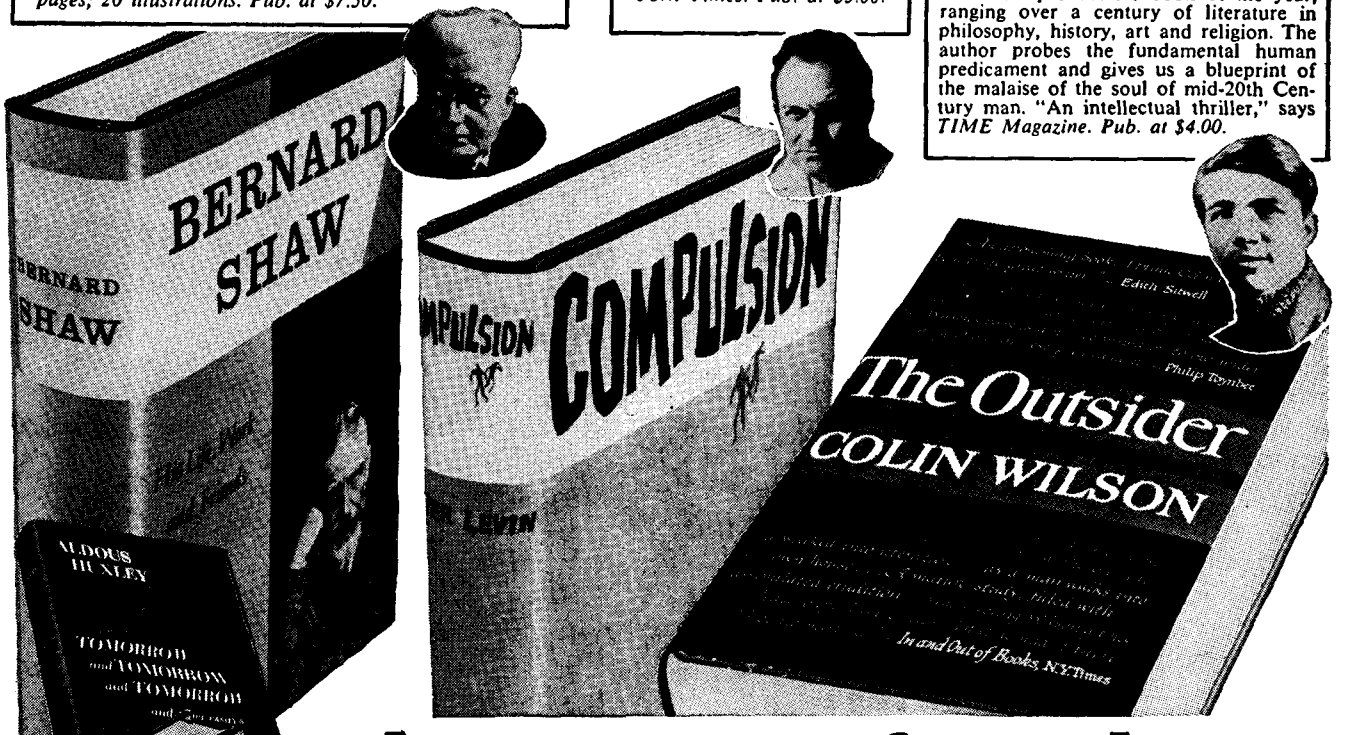

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Job Well Done

Honors seem deserved all around for the achievement of a solution to the explosive problem of how to get Israeli forces to withdraw from the lands they occupied last November without going back to the situation that prevailed before they attacked. Premier Ben Gurion may take the palm for wise moderation at the final moment. So can Secretary-General Hammarskjöld, because of whose stewardship the U.N. has not been wrecked by the too many burdens that have been imposed on it.

A medal seems in order for French Premier Guy Mollet and Foreign Minister Pineau. As proven friends of Israel, they helped convince Ben Gurion that he could trust the word of our Administration. Secretary Dulles, for once, was not the victim of his own guile. Using his negotiating skill at its best, he won back much of the prestige he had lost.

Seen in retrospect, perhaps the greatest hazard of the Gaza-Aqaba impasse was that it erupted constantly from the tables of negotiation into the diplomacy of the front page. The trouble with rival speeches, handouts, public accusations, and TV appearances at a moment of extreme sensitivity is that they breed passions as against thought, and lead men into taking up public positions from which there later may be no retreat. It is to the credit of the principals concerned that they realized before long that appeals to the world sounding board were getting them nowhere and that they had better return to the art of diplomacy.

Everyone gave way a bit over Gaza-Aqaba. The United States, by stepping in where it first did not wish to tread, has now made a greater commitment for the protection of a viable Israel than it had intended a month or two ago. The United Nations, for its part, has somewhat modified its position that its Expeditionary Force would stay only as long as invited by the host country. It will be given "prior notice" before Nasser can make it pack up and depart, and this notice will be enough to alert all the world. What we have now in Gaza and Aqaba is a *de facto* situation in which U.N. forces, once in, cannot readily be shunted out.

On the Gaza Strip, there is going to be, according to the newspapers, a "Burns fence" set along the Israeli border, which until now has remained unmarked. On their side of the fence, the deployment of the U.N. forces will be like a trip wire that Nasser and his *fedayeen* had better not step on. The still somewhat loose Eisenhower Doctrine is another wire stretched across the Middle East. Close by, on the Mediterranean, there is the U.S. Sixth Fleet.

At least in Aqaba and on the Gaza Strip, if not in the Suez Canal, things have not exactly gone back to the *status quo ante*. Ben Gurion has some reason to be satisfied. The licking he inflicted on the Egyptian Army hasn't hurt him any. He waged a limited war with limited objectives, and certainly never asked for Nasser's unconditional surrender.

Respectfully, we would like to bring this fact to the attention of General Eisenhower. It proves that under certain conditions, war still pays. These conditions, we submit, are two: that the international community does its job of preventing the extension of hostilities, and then, of course, that the war is won.

Of Motes and Beams

The gamy saga of Life Among the Teamsters now unfolding before a Senate committee has inevitably provoked a shaking of heads and a muttering that something must be done to curb the iniquities of labor. Clearly, Dave Beck and his union are overdue at the cleaner's, but since

MARCH 6, 1957

Let Ghana prove a point: that to be free
A nation must have served a tutelage,
Be ruled to know what government can be,
Be taught by elders how to come of age.

Nkrumah knew injustice in the raw
And learned oppression in a prison cell,
But now he wears the wig of British law
And Britain's Parliament is his as well.

And he can prove that banners, blood, and hate
Are not the womb of stable liberty
But only kickings of an embryo state
Far from fruition and maturity.

Nkrumah knows; he learned the hardest way
To set his people free: not overnight
In a blind rage, but on that hard-won day
When they had graduated to the right.

—SEC

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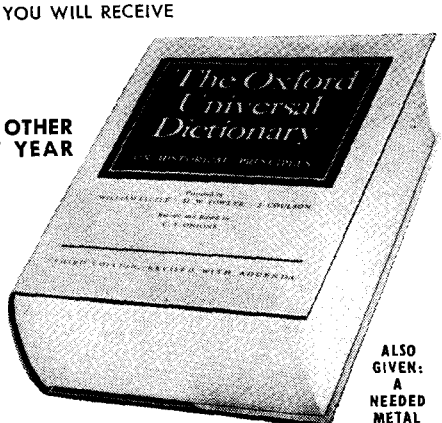

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even the sins of the Brotherhood can be helpfully viewed only in perspective, we immodestly refer our readers and the Senate to Paul Jacobs's two-part article on "The World of Jimmy Hoffa," which appeared in *The Reporter* issues of January 24 and February 7.

In the Teamsters Union, as Mr. Jacobs has shown, "no clear line of demarcation separates management from labor." Inextricably tied up with a trucking industry that came into its own in the days of the bootlegger and the hijacker, it has always tended, in its higher reaches, to share the ethics of the trade.

Thinking of themselves as businessmen rather than leaders of labor, the Hoffas and Becks have often bailed out employers with funds from the union treasury and occasionally set up innocuous unions for them at a price. Perhaps it is no wonder, therefore, that Congressional scrutiny of their doings has come to nothing in the past. Only four years ago a Republican-controlled committee called off an investigation of Hoffa, allegedly in return for his support of a Republican Senatorial candidate.

Perhaps it is no wonder, either, that Portland's *Oregon Journal* has gone very lightly on the present committee's revelations and that the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, which systematically kills its syndicated columns when they attack Dave Beck, has played down the whole investigation. According to Murray Kempton in the New York *Post*, even Senator McCarthy has been remarkably sensitive to the "harassing" of Teamster witnesses.

All this indicates to us that the venality of the Brotherhood can neither be studied in a vacuum nor viewed primarily as a problem of "organized labor."

'Gotong Rojong'

Amid the many recent visits of foreign leaders to Washington there still stands out the one made by the personable President Sukarno of Indonesia last spring. Wreathed in smiles as he descended from his plane in the May sunshine, shaking hands and embracing children in the crowd, he told one and all of his love for America and particularly for "my great teacher," Thomas Jefferson, and he did go as a pilgrim to Monticello. Jefferson's views on freedom had set "a big fire burning in Indonesia," Sukarno declared, asking God "to give Jefferson the best place in heaven."

The enshrined American's ideas were being implemented in Sukarno's own new republic, he assured us. Therefore, he told a joint session of Congress. "Have no doubts about democracy in Indonesia."

Everyone agreed that the visit was a great success.

Half a year later, however, Indonesia's No. 1 Jeffersonian began to speak another language. He told his own people that "For the time being our democracy must be a guided democracy—thus not a democracy that is based on conceptions of liberalism." Last month, he explained what this meant. For Indonesia, democracy "imported" from the West was "wrong"; its own "new style" of government should be based on the idea that "Indonesia is a big family, united"—and in which there should be no Opposition. A national-unity Cabinet, retooled so as to bring in the powerful Communist minority, plus a strong new Presidential Council set up to give the Cabinet "advice," would presumably see to that.

Yet not all the members of Indonesia's big family share Sukarno's fatherly spirit, even though he says its guiding principle is to be *gotong rojong*—meaning "mutual help." As against the nationalists on the Right and the Communists on the Left, who are now mutually helping each other, the Moslem and Christian parties in the middle fear that Sukarno's "guided democracy" may mean no democracy at all.

As far as we are concerned, we are in no way prejudiced against *gotong rojong*. If the people of Indonesia overcome their mutinous attitude toward their new form of government, if President Sukarno succeeds in selling them his new idea with all the means of persuasion that are available to him, then we have no right to criticize or protest. As that great American liberal, Babe Ruth, might have put it, as long as it's their racket, it's O.K. with us.

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The leader of another new Asian nation, President Mirza of Pakistan, some time ago came out for what he called "controlled democracy," which sounds very much like *gotong rojong*. There is every reason to believe that General Mirza, who has the reputation of being a tough hombre, practices his theory. That's strictly the business of the Pakistanis.

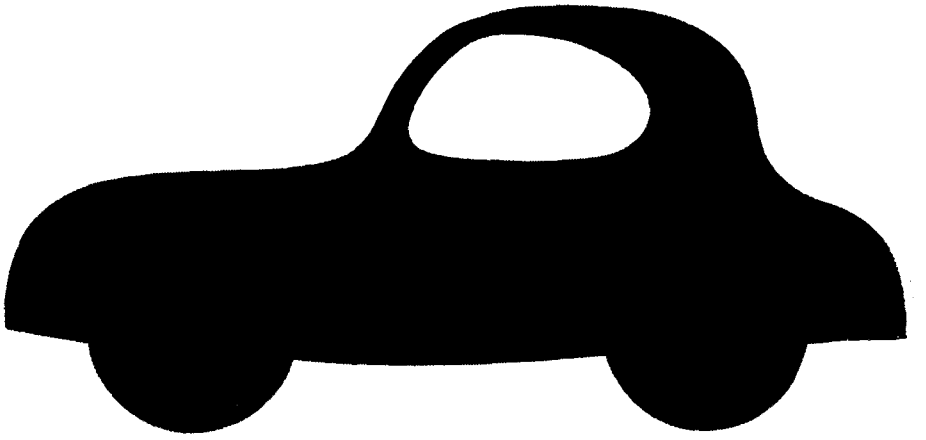
But we do resent all that Jefferson business. We like to have among us as honored guests these authoritative exponents of still-nondescript forms of government: They can learn from America, and America can learn from them. But we don't see any reason why they should claim to be moral descendants and devoted disciples of our Washingtons and Jeffersons. If they want to talk about their own national revolutions, they would do better not to take the time of our overburdened Congressmen. The Daughters of the American Revolution could offer them a more appropriate audience in a dignified hall.

It is proper that President Sukarno be shown the Empire State Building and the Ford River Rouge plant. But please skip Monticello, and leave the man who is buried there alone.

Probing Device

The Optical Society of America has recently described an instrument that will help astronomers see through the interstellar dust clouds which obscure the center of the Milky Way. Of course, the Milky Way is a "flattish disk-shaped aggregation of a hundred billion stars," while governments are flattish amoeba-shaped aggregations of career officers and civil servants. But both radiate.

The Milky Way sends out a visible white light that is scattered by dust clouds, and an infrared light that the new instrument will be able to pick up. Our government emits speeches and dollars and arms and good will, also subject to scattering by dust clouds, and the center sometimes becomes obscure. Perhaps the astronomers' instrument could be redesigned and . . . but this is wishful thinking. Anyhow, the Milky Way is far easier to understand. It is a hundred worlds, while ours is only one.



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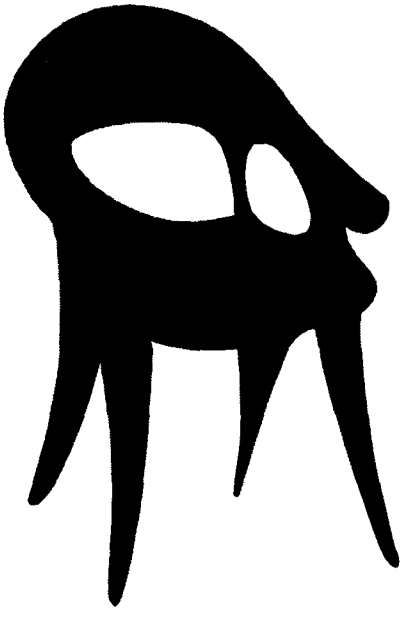

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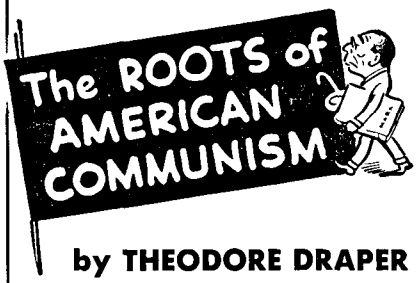

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TEACHERS AND UNIONS

To the Editor: May a New York City teacher raise a suspicious eyebrow to Joseph Stocker's effusive paean to the efforts of the California Teachers Association (*The Reporter*, February 21)?

Verily, all I have to go on is the article itself, and my vantage point is a continent away, but I believe that I scent traces of a company union. For example, I note that the executive secretary of the organization is an erstwhile superintendent of schools. Also, no mention is made of securing teachers' rights through collective-bargaining arrangements and affiliation with the trade-union movement. The fact that nearly all teachers in California are members of the C.T.A. leads me to suspect that this is the type of association nurtured, encouraged, and dearly beloved by boards of education.

Finally, when the writer threw encomiums to the C.T.A. for the "firm 'Yes'" it gave to the classroom teaching of controversial issues, UNESCO, and the United Nations (of course the loyalty-oath issue was a little too hot for this group of daring professionals to handle), I had to roll my eyes in astonishment—and write this letter!

IRWIN GONSHAK
Flushing, New York

To the Editor: "Teachers in California: 'He Who Can, Must,'" by Joseph Stocker, is an excellent piece of writing and from my knowledge of the situation in California I believe it to be accurate in every detail. It is a fine tribute to a superb professional association of teachers, the California Teachers Association, and to a great professional leader, Executive Secretary Arthur F. Corey.

Typically, professional organizations of teachers have been pictured as devoting themselves exclusively to lobbying for school appropriations. From my intimate knowledge of the work of these associations, I know that practically all are working vigorously to raise the standards of competence of teachers, and thus are seeking still higher levels of quality of service to America's children.

T. M. STINNETT
Executive Secretary
National Education Association
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: The C.T.A. contains both teachers and the administrators empowered to engage and dismiss them. As a consequence, its structure and program are essentially authoritarian, dominated not by teachers but by those who hire and fire teachers. It has, therefore, been repeatedly denounced by the California State Federation of Labor as a company union, operating less to further teachers' interests than to keep teachers quiet, content with minimal concessions.

DONALD K. HENRY
Executive Secretary,
California State Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO
Albany, California

To the Editor: The California Teachers Association has made professional gains for teachers which have gone relatively unnoticed by those who report the political scene. Those of us who are members of the C.T.A. and serve it professionally are grateful for the astute report in your fine liberal magazine.

TED BASS
Assistant Director of Field Service
California Teachers Association
Los Angeles

To the Editor: The essay by Joseph Stocker is such unmitigated, sentimental propaganda that it should have been designated "Advertisement," so that no believing reader with a teacher's credential would be misled about the joyful benefits of teaching in California. There is not a word about the vulgar pressure put on teachers to join C.T.A., about the "bite" C.T.A. dues take out of a teacher's well-gnawed pay check, about the fancy premiums for annuities voted on top of annuities, or about the partisan pressure a teacher receives to vote as C.T.A. dictates.

As for Mr. Stocker's remarks about C.T.A.'s finding jobs for teachers (by the way, this is quite a contradiction to the cry that there is a shortage of teachers in California), did he know about the fees a teacher must pay for this service? I might add that it is becoming increasingly difficult to get a job as a teacher without C.T.A. blessing. School superintendents are more interested in having one hundred per cent C.T.A. membership than in getting teachers who teach because they know what to teach.

CORNELIA JESSEY
Cathedral City, California

To the Editor: There is no denying, of course, that the C.T.A. is the largest state teachers' organization in the nation, and it may well be the most effective. There is also no denying the fact that the C.T.A. is now, and traditionally has been, dominated by educational administrators and not by classroom teachers. Does this suggest that there is an irreconcilable conflict of interest between the teacher and the administrator? No, not necessarily; nor does it mean that these interests never clash. It does mean, however, that there is in education a certain type of labor-management relationship and that in cases of conflict the C.T.A. has yet to take a firm organizational stand in favor of the classroom teacher.

HOBERT W. BURNS
WILLIAM B. SPRING
CHARLES M. MOORE, JR.
Palo Alto, California

DOWN WITH SIR THOMAS!

To the Editor: Roland Gelatt's article "The Unclaimed Legacy of George Frederick Handel" (*The Reporter*, February 21, 1957) presents some welcome views concerning the rich fields of music by known composers which are too often overlooked by concert managers, recording companies, and audi-

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ences. Unfortunately, most of the contributions of the article are negated by Gelatt's remarks concerning the recent recording of *Solomon* by Sir Thomas Beecham and of *Semele* by Anthony Lewis.

My hair curls (in the style of the predicted depression) at the following statement: "Conservatives should be warned that Beecham pays small heed to the letter of Handel's score." Good God, man, this is 1957 not 1857! Do we have to allow Beechams to "update" everything the way they distorted *Messiah?*

ROBERT J. DIETZ
Iowa City, Iowa

HISTORY OF STANDARD OIL

To the Editor: In the February 21 *Reporter* Mr. Barry E. Supple, in defending *The Resurgent Years: 1911-1927*, which I had reviewed in the January 24 number, complains that I may have left the impression that the authors of this history of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) were "lackeys or victims of a capitalist plot." And he says that I failed to recognize that the authors were writing only an organizational and administrative history of the company. Hence I was unfair in criticising their conclusions on the "ethical role of the company in society," for this was something with which they were not concerned. Mr. Supple is a professional historian of standing to whose strictures one should ordinarily bow. This time I fear he slipped.

I did not think the authors were lackeys or victims of any plot more insidious than a massive exercise in bureaucratic scholarship. I did think their work was grossly incompetent and a menace to the English language, and I fail to see how any reader of my review could have emerged with any other impression.

Had the authors forsworn ethical judgments, I would have approved. It would have been a poor book but not as bad as this one. But as Mr. Supple would have discovered if he had read the book, which I certainly do not recommend, the authors are constantly and tediously concerned with explaining the behavior of the rugged entrepreneurs of an earlier day. It was to this claptrap that I objected: It serves the ends neither of history nor, so far as I can see, even the reputation of business. And such judgments were part of the purpose of the book, Mr. Supple to the contrary. In a prefatory sentence, which I would urge him to read and ponder, the editorial director says a principal aim is to tell "How well and by what policies and practises have the drives of business and the welfare of society been joined." This volume is presented as a case study in the "struggle for balance" between private and public decision-making.

I understand Mr. Supple's wish to come to the defense of the organized writing of history. But he would serve it better if, instead of defending inadequacy, he would accept the fact and determine that it should be remedied. For let no one think that the appalling quality of business history is a mere matter of opinion. Anyone who thinks so need only try reading it.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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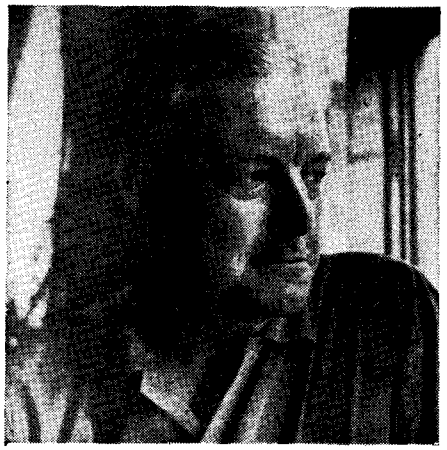

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WHO—

WHAT—

WHY—

THE OIL crisis turned out to be not half as bad as was anticipated when Nasser blockaded the Suez Canal. As **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, this time a combination of luck and of timely action by the major oil producers got us out of trouble. But we would do well to think of the oil industry's mobilization as a trial run for future emergencies, which, from the way things look in the Middle East and maybe even in our own hemisphere, will not be lacking.

Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** went to Texas, the leading state in the oil business, and took a close look at the regulatory agency that for some reason is called the Texas Railroad Commission. Contrary to the publicity the Commission received when the oil crisis brought it into the limelight, Mr. Cater found nothing sinister in its activities or in those of the man who has served on it for more than twenty years. On the contrary, the Commission has done a remarkable job by bringing some order into what otherwise would have been a mad scramble of wildcatters big and little. The main trouble with Texas oil is that it will not last any too long. The important question of reserves is discussed by **John H. Lichtblau,** a specialist on our national oil problem.

Contributing Editor **William Harlan Hale** gives an account of the people-to-people approach to foreign countries, a movement that is amazingly spontaneous and as American as pie à la mode. But will people overseas believe in its spontaneity? **Marya Mannes** has been on another of her snooping forays to the Delegates' Lounge of the United Nations. **Leslie B. Bain** brings us an up-to-date report on Hungary. What has hit Hollywood? **Robert Ardrey** gives one more answer in his third—and for the present final—article. **Albert Vorspan,** a free-lance writer, shows that a sense of humor can be a deadly weapon even when a man finds himself almost alone under the tragic circumstances now afflicting the State of Mississippi.

Christine Weston, novelist, short-story writer, and essayist, publishes a first installment of her "Excerpts from an Indian Journal." **Paul Henry Lang** is music critic for the New York *Herald Tribune* and editor of the *Music Quarterly.* **Albert J. Guerard** teaches at Harvard. **R. F. Tannenbaum** is a free-lance book reviewer. **John Kenneth Galbraith** is the author of *The Great Crash, 1929* (Houghton Mifflin).

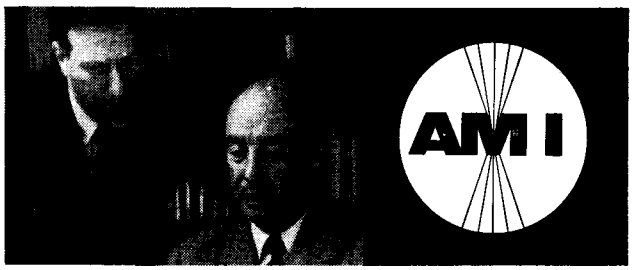
Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

A recorded portrait of

ADLAI STEVENSON

in conversation with

ARNOLD MICHAELIS



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As Texas Goes . . .

It's all quite bewildering, but there seems to be no doubt now: The end of the great oil famine is in sight. Just a few weeks ago the newspapers carried reports on the devastating blow that Europe's economy was suffering because of the Suez affair. Now we read that the British have trouble finding extra storage tanks for their gasoline supplies. The crisis is not yet quite over, but the corner has been turned: What had all the characteristics of a genuine tragedy has turned out to be a rather expensive inconvenience.

Over here there has been no need for gas rationing, and the National Safety Council has had no chance to take a holiday. But certainly we too were scared. Fortunately, things turned out not as bad as the experts had reason to expect. First of all, with the exception of the Egyptians and the Syrians, the Arab leaders had no taste for a Samson role, were not insensitive to the profit motive, and oil kept coming from their countries. Somewhat belatedly, even our government woke up and established diplomatic relations with the Texas Railroad Commission. Our major oil companies, acting on an entirely voluntary basis through the Middle East Emergency Committee, did a remarkable job in rerouting supplies to rescue western Europe.

For a time, the eyes of our nation and of the world were turned on Texas. In this issue our readers will learn about the unending struggle going on there, with the Railroad Commission acting as a referee between the large oil companies having vast investments abroad and the so-called independent, or domestic, producers. About the evildoings of these independents there can be no doubt: They are remorseless in forcing the great oil companies to earn more money.

Here, unfortunately, is the rub, and here also is the evidence that the aborted emergency is no transitory matter. The price of oil has increased both for American and for European consumers. Moreover, this latest scare of the western world has dramatized something which is real and permanent: the West's dependence on Middle Eastern oil. This means also our dependence, for we too need quite a bit of that oil, have huge investments in it, and—last but not least—are inextricably tied to Europe.

The leaders of the oil-rich Arab countries will not allow us to forget this latest emergency. They are getting more cocky every day, for they know the hold they have on us. There is a potential Mossadegh hiding behind the oil derricks in the Middle East or, for that matter, in Venezuela. A few days ago, a Saudi Arabian potentate, Sheik Abdullah Tariki, Director General of Petroleum and Minerals, made it quite clear that he is not satisfied with things as they are. He wants Aramco, the American-owned company, to be run as an "integrated oil operation," and to develop its own petrochemical industry in Saudi Arabia. He doesn't see why American companies that have put their money in Aramco should buy oil from it at a discount.

The example of the Texas Railroad Commission has not been lost on the American-educated sheik. He is acting like a Texas independent, and is eager to have more Saudi Arabian oil produced. He seems to be for a sort of Texas Railroad Commission running Aramco but, we are afraid, headed by somebody quite different from that solid citizen General Thompson. For the sheiks and kings of the Arab oil countries happen to wield sovereign power.

Moreover, these Arabian rulers have the laws of economics on their side. They know that they can charge as much as the traffic will bear, and that the world price of their commodity is likely to be dictated by the most inefficient and unprivileged producers. Here they have us by the throat, for the oil bounties of our country have turned out to be pretty measly compared with those of the Middle East. It is because we have not much oil left that we are the ones who set the example in raising prices. A regulatory agency like the Texas Railroad Commission is inclined to protect the inefficient producer so that he too may get a break. In spite of their abundance the Arab oil men are not reluctant to go the Texas way.

The West has been lucky this time. Even the weather in western Europe has been on our side. But the reality of the Middle Eastern situation, the fact that we are on the way to becoming a have-not nation as far as oil is concerned, should convince us that we had better brace ourselves for more serious emergencies, of much longer duration. The forces of economics cannot be left unchecked. The domestic and foreign consumers of oil cannot be left at the mercy of kinglets and sheiks.

All of which leads to the conclusion that there must be long-range planning and unity in the policies of the western powers, and that when the next round comes up in the Middle East we must act together.

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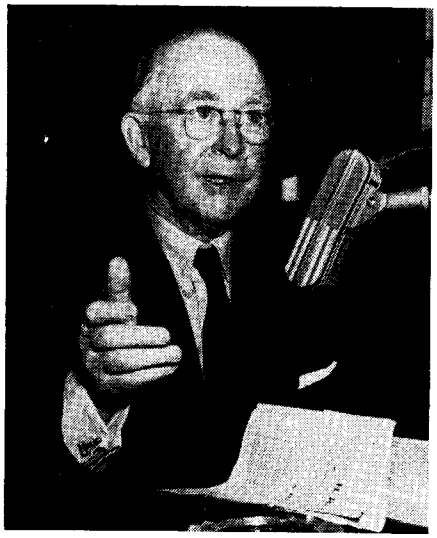
The General And the Umbrella

DOUGLASS CATER

FOR THE independent oil producers of Texas, General Ernest O. Thompson, patriarch of the Texas Railroad Commission, is almost as much an object of veneration as the Lone Star Flag. Thompson, who joined the three-man Commission in 1932, has been re-elected without opposition by the people of Texas to his last two terms—a position lasting six years and paying $17,500 a year. When Thompson appeared before a House committee in Washington recently to give the Texas version of what was happening to the supply of oil for Europe since the closing of the Suez Canal, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson came across the Capitol to pay his respects. Speaker Sam Rayburn, who usually chooses his words carefully, introduced Thompson, a lawyer who has never been in the oil business himself, as "the man who knows more about oil than any other man in the world."

Commissioner Thompson, a stocky and bushy-browed man of sixty-five whose fiery red hair is now grizzled, accepts such accolades as a matter of course. He can remember less popular times. "It used to be when I went to East Texas," he told me in Austin, "they would meet me with shotguns. Now they give a barbecue for me."

This change is significant. The General (he is a lieutenant general in the Texas National Guard) has been more responsible than any other man living or dead for persuading the Texas oilman, renowned for his free-wheeling ways, to accept a number of strict regulations. Almost from the time he spuds in his first wildcat, the oilman is hedged about with rules and restrictions. He drills in compliance with detailed specifications about spacing and well standards. If he strikes oil, his production is subject to complex strictures relating to the gas-oil ratio, maximum efficient rate of recovery, and so forth. Finally, once his well's rate of flow has been determined, he must comply with the system known as prorations, which fixes the number of days each month the state's 173,638 wells (as of mid-February) are allowed to produce. If he exceeds this "allowable," his "hot" oil may be seized and sold at public auction, the proceeds to be turned over to the state.



Wide World

General Ernest O. Thompson

THE HEGEMONY of the Railroad Commission extends from the independents to the giant subsidiaries, such as Humble Oil, of the oil empires known as the majors—Standard Oil of New Jersey, for instance. The line of demarcation between the majors and the independents is a rather vague one, since the independents range in size from individual wildcatters—a declining breed—to multimillion-dollar companies which, like the majors, carry on their own refining and marketing operations. Mainly, however, the independent is strictly a producer who disposes of his oil to the majors. Twenty-five years ago, when Commissioner Thompson began his career as oil umpire, it was the independents who met him with shotguns.

But the independents put their shotguns away a long time ago. Indeed, they gave every indication of being in complete accord when the Railroad Commission, in spite of urgent outcries about a pending breakdown in the oil lift to western Europe, refused for three months to add a few more producing days to the monthly "allowables." Under prorations the wells were producing only fifteen or sixteen days a month. According to the Commission's estimate, an additional million barrels a day could safely be taken from reserve capacity. (There are forty-two U.S. gallons in a barrel of oil.)

Outsiders were puzzled by the turnabout that took place at the time of Suez in Texas's monthly ritual for adjusting its oil flow. Before the blockage of the canal in November, both the independents and the Railroad Commission had been complaining vociferously that the majors, who purchase and market the bulk of Texas oil, were holding the lid down too tight on production. Then suddenly the roles were reversed. The majors wanted more production but the independents were quite content to let the squeeze get tighter and tighter.

At the Railroad Commission's regular meeting on February 19, which I attended, there was little outward display of the dramatic con-

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flict that had arisen over Texas oil. The buyers rose one by one to make their "nominations." The most eloquent description of Europe's urgency—and of the case for raising the lid on production—came from the spokesman for Standard of New Jersey's subsidiary: "Humble Oil has a firm demand for eighteen days and the capacity to move it." When the hearing was over, scarcely three hours after it began, the commissioners retired briefly and then announced that March "allowables" would be raised to eighteen days. It meant a belated increase of approximately 210,000 barrels daily, which experts estimated would go a long way toward closing the gap in western Europe.

Though the winter's oil controversy has had many effects in international relations, it didn't really have much to do with western Europe at all. Actually, it was part of a civil war being waged inside the American oil industry, with domestic crude pitted against the vast new wealth of foreign crude held by some of the majors. Suez merely provided the opportunity for a showdown—a chance for the independents to apply some pressure while the oil situation was tight. Out of it they emerged with a shining trophy—the January price boost of thirty-five cents per barrel on domestic crude. But there is every prospect that the fighting will be renewed with mounting fury.

The Bad Old Days

When General Thompson came to the Commission in 1932, "Dad" Joiner's strike in the East Texas field two years earlier had let loose a vast new flow of oil that was glutting the market and sending prices plummeting to as low as a dime a barrel. The discovery in East Texas raised acutely the problem of the independent in the oil business. An entire countryside was gushing oil; the Woodbine sands, stretching ten miles wide and sixty miles long, passed under whole towns and villages, with their checkerboard patterns of landownership. It was just too big for the majors to control the way they had controlled Spindletop and the other large fields. Thousands of shoestring operators moved in, sinking wells and pumping oil as fast as they could with no regard for the consequences.

Governor Ross Sterling, who had once been president of Humble Oil, ordered the field shut down, and sent in National Guardsmen to quell the angry oilmen. When the courts refused to sustain this course of action, Sterling persuaded Thompson, who had had an illustrious record battling the utilities as Mayor of Amarillo, to take an interim appointment to the Railroad Commission, which includes oil and gas among its wide variety of regulatory chores.

THOMPSON came to the Commission, as he says, for six weeks and has stayed for twenty-five years. Gradually he and his fellow commissioners managed to put teeth in the state's statutes concerning physical waste of oil reserves and to bring a fair amount of order out of chaotic exploitation.

The problem has been uniquely difficult. In this country, the man who finds oil beneath his land can demand for it the "royalty" payment that in most oil-bearing countries goes to the national—or the sheik's—treasury. However, since the oil can be drained from beneath his land, a neighbor's well, taking advantage of the "law of capture," may deprive him of his wealth. In East Texas the anxiety to prevent this caused a frantic race to remove the black gold, one well being drilled to offset another, sometimes in such close proximity that the legs of their superstructures were intertwined. Of the first twenty-four thousand wells drilled in East Texas it has been estimated that at least twenty-one thousand, costing $250 million, were unnecessary for efficient recovery of oil.

Over the years, the commissioners have made great progress in establishing more sensible spacing requirements. With the help of technicians they maintain surveillance all across the state, regulating the field "allowable" and the individual well "allowables" to prevent too rapid loss of pressure. (Pressure must be carefully controlled in order to get the maximum amount of oil out of the ground.) They have curtailed the needless flaring of natural gas and they have offered producers incentives to undertake secondary recovery practices that have considerably increased the amount of recoverable oil. Because of conservation practices the East Texas pool, which people once thought might produce 1.5 billion barrels, already has pumped twice that amount, with another two billion or so yet to come.

But the Railroad Commission has carried its fight against "waste" much further. Holding that the accumulation of excessive supplies of oil aboveground can lead to wasteful deterioration, it undertakes the proration of wells in accord with market demands. Here it has the aid but not the interference of Federal authority. The Interior Department's Bureau of Mines prepares a monthly market estimate which, along with the "nominations" of the buyers, serves as a guide for fixing market demand. The Connally "Hot Oil" Act, sponsored by the former Texas Senator, applies Federal sanctions against oil sold in interstate commerce in violation of state prorations.

Thompson was both a prophet and a pioneer in bringing this unique regulation to the oil industry. But he never had much patience for the intrusion of Federal controls, apart from the Connally Act sanctions. His feud with Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, who toyed with the notion of a permanent petroleum code after the NRA was knocked out by the Supreme Court, was long and ill concealed. Once Ickes sent a peremptory telegram "ordering" him to shut down a well that had gone wild in a disastrous blowout. Thompson replied by telephone, "Mr. Secretary, I have read your telegram to the wild well in Conroe and it is still blowing. Do you have any further suggestions?"

TO INDEPENDENTS who might be tempted by the idea of Federal regulations, Thompson warned that a "great monopolistic agency in New York would whisper over private wires down in Washington and tell us what we could do here in Texas." He even found occasion to warn President Roosevelt, who apparently had a liking for the peppery Texan, that some of his assistants had wrong notions about the oil business.

Thanks as much to Thompson as to anybody, the Federal government

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has never played much of a role in the oil fields. The Interstate Oil Compact, which binds together a number of oil states, is purely a voluntary and permissive arrangement with no power to enforce anything. California, the second largest oil producer, is not even a party to it. Few member states carry out prorations as strict as those of Texas.

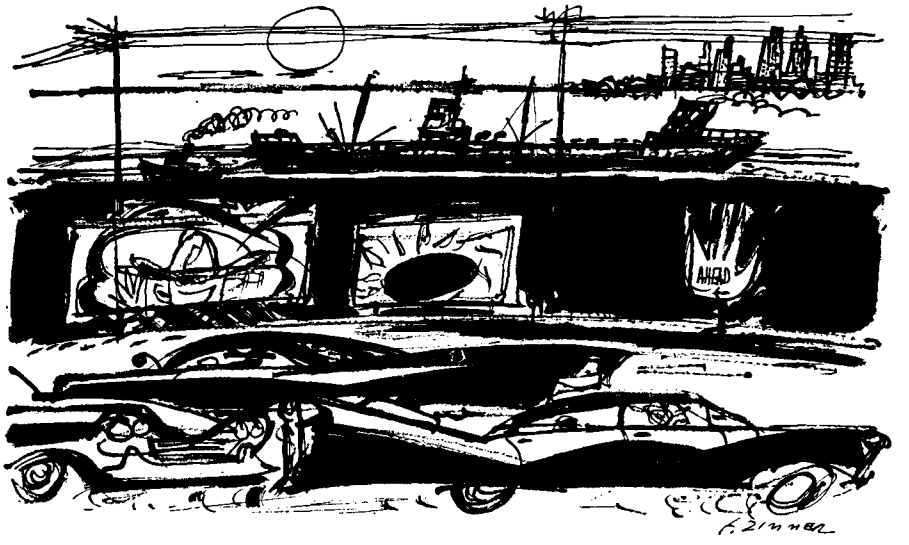
"Actually, we in Texas have to hold our umbrella over the whole oil business in this country," the head of a large independent company in Dallas told me.

The main reason the loose confederacy has managed to work so well is simply that half of the discovered oil reserves in this country are in Texas. The big umbrella that Thompson helped set up protected the oilman very well from the storms that buffeted his industry. It provided shelter for even the smallest independents, since the prorations guaranteed their wells a proportionate share of the market.

A Curious Incongruity

"In Texas we do not permit price to even be discussed at our hearings," General Thompson declared during a speech in Houston on January 15. "We are purely a physical waste prevention Commission. . . ." Back when the Interstate Oil Compact was being drafted, he supported heartily the inclusion of Article V, which specifically disclaims as the Compact's purpose the "stabilizing or fixing" of prices.

Thompson may well have had his eyes on the antitrust laws. Critics point out that there is a curious incongruity in a regulatory system intended to equate supply and demand without taking price into account. They claim that the whole arrangement for oil, from the market reports sent out by the Bureau of Mines to the Railroad Commission's monthly meetings of buyers and sellers, constitutes collusion to fix prices that would be instantly prosecuted if undertaken by a private trade association. In 1955, Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois managed to tack on a proviso to the extension of the Interstate Oil Compact requiring the Attorney General to report whether Article V was being violated. Mr. Brownell has so far avoided a direct answer.



A few years back a Senate committee labeled the oil arrangement "a mechanism controlling the production of crude oil . . . that operates as smoothly and efficiently as the finest watch." Certainly the net result has been price stability, accompanied by recurring increases toward which Thompson and his colleagues have shown themselves remarkably benign. Price cuts, on the other hand, have been a different matter. In 1938, for example, when Humble posted reductions ranging from five to twenty cents a barrel, Thompson hurried back from a National Guard encampment to Austin and got the other two commissioners to sign a fifteen-day shutdown order applying to every field in Texas. Then he called an emergency meeting of the Interstate Oil Compact Commission and persuaded four other major producing states to follow suit. Before the shutdown period had expired, Humble, its stocks depleted, was humble indeed. It rescinded the price cut, whereupon the Railroad Commission promptly allowed the fields to resume production. It would take a callous oil company to fail to heed the lesson.

It's Hard to Get Rich Any More

Thompson, for one, seldom makes any bones about the fact that he believes higher prices are good for oil conservation. "You can afford to spend more money to recover $4 oil than you can on $2.50 oil," he was quoted in *Oil Daily* a few years ago. Queried by Congressmen during his recent testimony, he announced that he believed the January price rise was "long past due."

In this belief he is, of course, in agreement with a good many Texas oilmen, who are complaining constantly these days that the economic incentive has gone out of the oil business. Today's cost of exploring and developing oil, they argue, is greater than the price paid for crude, even after the January rise. The wells are getting deeper, the chances of hitting a sizable pool much smaller. It's only because most of the oil now being sold was explored and developed a decade ago when costs were lower, the oilmen argue, that there seems to be a profit at all.

They go on to claim that prices for other products are fast outrunning the price they get for oil. They point to a chart prepared by the Independent Petroleum Association of America in January, showing a twenty-one per cent price increase in crude oil since December, 1947, compared to seventy-seven per cent and eighty-seven per cent increases in oil-well casing. (The figures were carefully chosen. If we use 1945 as the base year, crude-oil prices have gone up 162 per cent compared to a 130 per cent rise in finished steel.)

The hard-luck story has endless variations. Bunker Hunt, son of the fabulously wealthy Texas independent H. L. Hunt, told me emphatically that the oil business was going to dry up unless it was kept "plenty prosperous." He said that it takes five or six years to pay out on a well drilled nowadays. "You can build a factory that will do that

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good." Why hadn't there been any signs of a slowdown? "The truth of the matter," Hunt replied, "is that the little independents don't realize how tough the oil business has gotten. Everybody keeps looking at his hole card and doesn't see what's happening to him."

HUNT'S dire picture seems overdrawn. One still hears stories in the oil meccas of Texas about successful entrepreneurs who started from scratch. The Nortex Oil and Gas Corporation of Dallas, for example, began three years ago with only a handful of leases for assets and a staff of bright young college-trained petroleum experts. Today it has gross assets of more than $4 million, excluding oil reserves, and is growing fast.

James Wendover, Nortex's young president, a graduate of Harvard Law School who specialized in tax work before he ventured out on his own, points out candidly that success for the newcomer lies in the complex workings of our Federal tax system. About a quarter of Nortex's business is in drilling wildcats for a profit and a percentage, with money put up by other people, most of them in the ninety per cent tax brackets. Since dry holes are allowed a 100 per cent tax write-off for the investor, nobody stands to lose very much. When they hit, there is the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance, or, alternatively, the investor can sell out and take a capital gain. Wildcatting is still a gamble, but many of the gamblers are playing with ten-cent dollars.

The lure of wildcatting is widespread. When General Eisenhower was NATO Commander, he put $20,000 into a drilling "pool" at the instigation of his good friend Sid Richardson. After the 1952 election he received in the mail a check for $60,000 as the first dividend on his investment. The President-elect, sensitively aware of his new position, returned the check and asked to have his original $20,000 sent back. Apparently one can still get a fairly attractive return on money invested in oil.

But the Texas oilman sounds one more note of gloom. Despite a record number of new wells drilled last year, new discoveries accounted

for only about one-fifth of the total consumption. (Revised estimates of existing pools did put the total of additions to the reserve balance in the black.) This situation, the oilman argues, is certainly no cause for cutting domestic production. Instead, he claims, incentives must be given for new drilling.

Competition from Abroad

In the ordered world of the Texas Railroad Commission, one unruly problem has reared its head in recent years—the competition of foreign oil. Near the close of the Second World War, General Thompson was dispatched by Secretary of War Robert Patterson to survey the oil situation in the Middle East. As he flew over the deserts, he told me, he could see the sloping domes that indicate vast untapped reservoirs beneath. Within a remarkably brief span of years, proved reserves in the Middle East have mounted to more than five times U.S. reserves. The tiny sheikdom of Kuwait alone has greater proved reservoirs than the entire Western Hemisphere.

Thompson openly opposed the Anglo-American oil treaty proposed by the State Department in an attempt to deal with the new situation. It would, he charged, create an international organization to set oil quotas, fix prices, and regulate production. He had repulsed the attempt to set up Federal controls in the 1930's. He was equally adamant —and equally successful—in resisting international controls. The treaty died in Senate committee.

By 1948 Middle East crude oil began to enter the U.S. market in substantial amounts. To the Texas independent producer, all evil dates from the time of this invasion. In the past he aired his gripes against the majors but always with the comfortable assurance that, thanks to the beneficence of the Railroad Commission, they were all under the same umbrella. Today he no longer feels this certainty.

As a result of expanding interests abroad, the Texas independent has thought he could detect symptoms of the majors' waning interest in him as a supplier. He has complained bitterly about the increasing numbers of his wells for which he couldn't get pipeline connections —an estimated eight thousand in Texas at the time of the Suez blockade. He has sworn loudly over the pipeline prorations—cutbacks over and above the Railroad Commission's prorations—which the majors have applied from time to time claiming insufficient storage capacity. He has charged angrily that cheap foreign crude was the real reason for the cutbacks and for the delay in price increase that he sought so determinedly.

THE independents were among the first to line up at the door of Office of Defense Mobilization Director Arthur S. Flemming when Congress tacked the national-security clause onto the reciprocal-trade program in 1955. They came armed with a report by the President's Cabinet Committee on Energy Supplies and Resources Policy which concluded that anything above the 1954 ratio of imports to domestic production—16.6 per cent, including crude and distillates—would impair the national security.

But though imports exceeded this barrier in 1955 and 1956, Flemming

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delayed taking action, calling on the importers to display "industrial statesmanship" and impose voluntary quotas. Finally, a formal hearing was held, and the matter was awaiting Flemming's decision at the time Nasser closed the Suez Canal. With obvious relief, Flemming laid the whole problem aside, declaring that except for the emergency he would have been obliged to recommend action—presumably quotas—to the President.

But nobody, least of all the Texas independent, feels that the matter has been settled. He points to the tremendous tanker-construction program, and to huge new refineries being built on the East Coast for the exclusive use of Middle East oil. He cites rumors that the British Petroleum Company plans to step up its sales of crude in the American market, to recoup losses during the Suez crisis.

No Word from Washington

This, then, was the state of mind of Texas independents as the Middle East Emergency Committee, composed of representatives of fifteen majors with international connections, issued a call for increased production. Hostility flared into open defiance when Humble and Magnolia, the latter a Socony-Mobil subsidiary, at first asked the Railroad Commission to suspend across-the-board prorations—a move, the independents suspected, to enable the majors to take the increase mainly from their own fields in the coastal regions. (The two companies later withdrew this incendiary proposal.)

All during this civil war, the role of the Federal Government has been strangely passive. Chairman Culberson remarked to me after the February meeting, "If President Eisenhower had called on us to boost allowables in the name of national security, we would have flooded him in oil within a week." But the call never came from the President or anybody else in high Federal authority. Shortly before the February meeting the Commission did receive a letter from ODM Director Flemming enclosing "for your information" a special supply-and-demand forecast from the Bureau of Mines. It was the first official communication on the subject of oil since the Suez Canal had been closed.

'You Need a Faith'

In Austin, I found General Thompson in his Commission office, a cramped little room with shabby furniture offering startling contrast to the suites of the independent oil companies I had visited in Dallas and Houston. Thompson was in an affable mood. He discussed the early ordeals in East Texas and the long way oil had come since then. There had been times, one gathered, when he had been sorely tried.

But the General declared that he had always clung to one basic faith. "The Lord lets us find these things when we have brains enough to use them." It had been that way when the great Spindletop came through in 1901, only a short time after the internal-combustion engine had come along to make use of this vast new reserve. The East Texas field, once it was tamed, helped to fill the expanding needs of the automobile industry. Now there was the Middle East and Venezuela, and here again the problem was to maintain an orderly flow of nature's bounty. "As good stewards," Thompson said, "we should have the intelligence to conserve this wealth.

"You've got to have a basic philosophy in a job like this," the General concluded, "when you sit and listen to these men present their selfish little problems. Of course you have to take care of them, but still you need a faith."

UNDOUBTEDLY Thompson's faith has done much to bring order out of the chaos that the oil industry might have been. But the big question now is whether even such a tough and determined man as Thompson can be master of the situation any longer. The Texas umbrella just isn't big enough.

Is the Tank Running Low?

JOHN H. LICHTBLAU

ORDINARILY, one would not think of the rough-and-tumble oil industry as preoccupied with semantics. Yet for several decades a struggle has been carried on inside the industry over the meaning of the words "supplement" and "supplant." Have United States oil imports reached a level where they *supplant* domestic production, or are they merely *supplementing* it? This is the real issue behind the outburst of mutual recrimination by the two major segments of our oil industry.

"As I see it, the heart of the matter is that we now have two oil industries—not one, but two—operating in this country," Lester Clark, an independent oilman from Breckenridge, Texas, declared plaintively to the O'Mahoney joint subcommittee not long ago. Since a good many domestic oil producers have interests abroad while virtually all importers have their own domestic oil production, this is an oversimplification of the case. However, a cleavage does exist between the domestic and the international sector of the U.S. oil industry.

Foreign oil—particularly Middle Eastern and Venezuelan—costs much less to produce than domestic. This is the cause of the controversy. The reason for lower cost is not cheaper labor, as is sometimes charged, but the geological fact that the average productivity of oil wells in the two areas is several times that in our Southwestern States. The same factor applies to the very costly process of locating new oil deposits. Each foot of exploratory drilling has located more than 13,000 barrels of oil in the Middle East and about 700 barrels in Venezuela but only about twenty barrels in the United States.

Naturally, the half-dozen great U.S. oil companies, such as the Texas Company, Gulf Oil, or Stand-

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ard Oil of New Jersey, which account for sixty per cent of the Middle Eastern wells and seventy per cent of the Venezuelan production, would prefer to bring in oil from their foreign concessions instead of purchasing it at higher prices from domestic producers. They also have long-term supply contracts with other major U.S. oil companies whose domestic production, like theirs, is insufficient to fill all their needs.

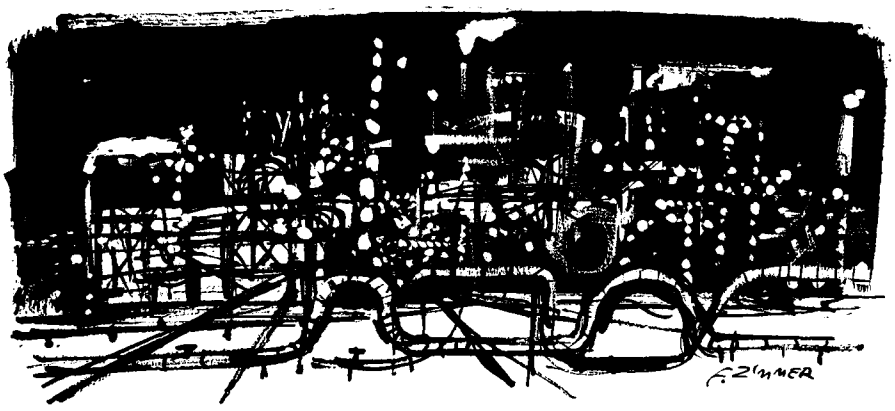
The importance of foreign operations in the total business of these international concerns is illustrated by Standard of New Jersey, the largest of them all, which derived seventy-four per cent of its $700 million net earnings in 1955 from abroad; Gulf Oil derived sixty-seven per cent.

Pitted against a score or so of importers stand some twenty thousand domestic oil producers who account for slightly more than fifty per cent of this nation's oil output. They range from fabulously wealthy Texas operators such as H. L. Hunt, Clint Murchison, and Roy Cullen to dirt farmers with a couple of small wells pumping a few barrels a day. All complain of foreign competition. The domestic producers support nearly every lobby and organization opposed to freer international trade. Their most consistent ally is the U.S. coal industry, which has been badly hurt by oil competition and whose spokesmen feel that their chance now lies in fighting imported oil. John L. Lewis is fighting shoulder to shoulder with the coal producers. Thus, Members of Congress from Pennsylvania and Texas, who do not see eye to eye on many other issues, are united in the fight.

When We Buy Oil

The average American may or may not know it, but he is very much involved in this fight. As a consumer he is interested in anything that affects his pocketbook; as a citizen he is—or should be—concerned with his country's security.

From the consumer viewpoint the international companies win hands down. Rightly or wrongly, for some three years the domestic producers have claimed that the average price of about $2.75 per barrel for oil was too low. Figures advanced in support of their claim showed that the



per-barrel cost of finding and producing new oil was higher than the sales price. But—so they say—to remain competitive they could not increase prices.

In the past, the world crude-oil price has always followed the level set at the Texas Gulf Coast. However, with the tremendous increase of oil production in the Middle East within the last decade, the influence of Texas has declined perceptibly. Today, world oil prices are no longer completely moored to the prevailing U.S. level. This trend will undoubtedly become even more pronounced.

Just how important a role foreign oil is already playing in keeping our domestic oil prices down was demonstrated last November, when the blocking of the Suez Canal and the Iraqi pipelines caused a sharp decline of oil imports along our Eastern Seaboard. As soon as the lowered imports and the consequent higher export demand from Europe had made themselves felt in this country, domestic oil prices went up by thirty-five cents a barrel. (They have since slipped back a few cents.) To the consumer this means an eventual increase of about one cent per gallon for each oil product, equal to nearly $1.5 billion a year for the nation. On the whole, oil prices have increased over the last decade at a far greater rate than the general level of U.S. commodity prices, and this is bound to have an inflationary effect.

Nasser at the Alamo

Of course the international oil industry did not object to this increase. In fact, the great oil companies supported it in Congressional testimony because their domestic producing subsidiaries benefited as much as did the independent producers. But as net buyers of U.S. oil and, currently, as large-scale exporters of U.S. oil to their own European subsidiaries, they had much less to gain than did the independent domestic producers. The latter were so happy about the chance provided them by the Middle East crisis that one of their associations mockingly nominated Gamal Abdel Nasser as "the man who has done most for West Central Texas."

This still leaves open the question of whether the recent price rise was justified. All segments of the oil-producing industry agree that it was needed. Consumers have different ideas. There is no doubt that the cost of producing oil has gone up considerably in the last few years. It now costs $71,000 to drill the average well in this country, compared to only $49,000 in 1948. This is due to the higher cost of material, particularly steel, and to the fact that most of the oil located fairly close to the earth's surface has already been tapped so that new wells must be drilled considerably deeper before paying off.

Exploration expenditures have also gone up sharply, again because most of the obvious oil structures located in readily accessible areas have already been uncovered. Thus, locating new wells involves more time and money.

On the other hand, technological advances now permit the recovery of a much larger portion of the oil contained in a well than was hitherto possible. In fact, many of the current additions to our recoverable oil reserves represent merely upward revisions of previous estimates and thus increase the value of an oil field at relatively little additional cost. Furthermore, all oil producers receive a depletion allowance that cuts their Federal income-tax payments sharply, in recognition of

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their never-ending need to find new oil deposits as old ones give out.

The balancing of all these pros and cons still leaves the economic necessity of raising oil prices open to question. Psychologically the increase came at the wrong moment, since it took obvious advantage of an international political crisis. But one wonders if there is ever a right moment.

As to the future trend of oil prices, opinion is divided. Most of the domestic producer spokesmen have stated that the January increase was merely a beginning and not nearly enough to compensate them for the higher cost of finding oil. Other industry circles feel that once the international oil balance has been restored by the reopening of all Middle East oil routes, domestic oil prices may slip back somewhat. The domestic producers are out to prevent this and are already preparing a concerted campaign against imports, to start as soon as emergency oil shipments to Europe end.

Oil as Defense

But there is also the national-security argument, which is advanced by both sides. The domestic producers point out that oil imports have risen from about five per cent of our total oil needs just before the Second World War to more than fifteen per cent last year. If imports should continue to rise at the rate of the last ten years, the time is not far away when this country will rely on foreign sources for at least a quarter of its oil needs.

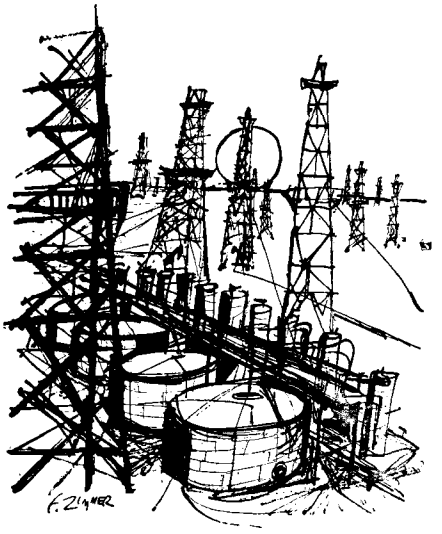
If, then, as a result of an international emergency we should suddenly be cut off from these supply sources, it would be a serious blow to the nation. To replace such a loss out of increased domestic production would take a long time because additional oil production on a sufficient scale could only be slowly developed. The producers point to the difficulties experienced in connection with the Middle East emergency as an indication of how long it would take if we had to meet an emergency many times greater.

While the domestic producers consider all foreign oil sources politically and strategically vulnerable, they are especially opposed to our imports from the Middle East, which rose from zero in 1947 to about four per cent of our total domestic oil consumption in 1956. They argue that with unstable political conditions in the Middle East and a long, vulnerable supply route, it would be particularly dangerous to rely on that area for any part of our needs. In their view, the national interest would be better served by developing all our domestic oil possibilities, even if they are not the cheapest, than by relying to an increasing extent on unstable foreign supply. The current level of oil imports, they maintain, discourages further development of domestic oil and leaves room only for the very big international companies.

The argument of the importers is that the United States consumes sixty per cent of the free world's oil production, yet possesses only twenty per cent of its proved oil reserves. Since we have been drawing oil out of our soil at increasing rates for the past hundred years, the importers claim that our own oil reserves are no longer big enough. If we depend on them, we may soon reach the point where the new oil we discover each year will be less than the oil we take out of the ground.

Oil May Be Running Out

In fact, if it were not for the rising level of imports this point might already have been reached. In 1939 our total proved petroleum reserves were equal to thirteen years of our requirements. By 1950 this ratio had declined to about twelve years and in 1955 our reserves were just eleven times our annual demand. Of course this does not mean that in eleven years we would run out of oil, even if we stopped importing. We are still adding considerable quantities of new oil to our reserves, but in the last several years these additions have usually been less than our total demand.



Oil importers point also to a variety of other more technical signs to show that we cannot count indefinitely on finding enough new oil within our borders to replace the huge quantities we consume each year. Their view is supported by a number of eminent geologists whose independent studies suggest that it is becoming increasingly difficult and costly to find new oil reserves here.

Since this is the case, say the importers, we must stretch our remaining reserves as much as possible by supplementing, while we can, our domestic production with increasing quantities of oil from abroad, where vast reserves have hardly been touched. Only by doing this can we postpone indefinitely a depletion of our domestic oil supply that would put us at the mercy of foreign sources for all our needs.

THE VIEWS of both sides are based largely on political and geological hypotheses. We can no more be certain of what kind of future emergencies our country will face than of how much oil really remains in our subsoil.

The fight between the domestic and international segments of the oil industry will continue well after the Suez emergency. But no matter whether the domestic producers like it or not, our dependence on foreign imports has become a fact of American life.

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Every Man An Ambassador

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

MANY YEARS AGO, the late Miguel Covarrubias painted for the magazine *Vanity Fair* a celebrated series of "Impossible Interviews," of which one of the most diverting was a hypothetical meeting on a settee between Greta Garbo, then at her languorous prime, and a flushed, apprehensive President Calvin Coolidge.

Today there exists in real life a confrontation that would seem hardly more likely. It finds personalities as assorted as the abstruse poet Marianne Moore, the unpredictable Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner, the rhapsodic conductor Eugene Ormandy, and the earthy cartoonist Al Capp, creator of Li'l Abner and the "Shmoo," rallying around President Eisenhower to assist in carrying out a project close to his heart. They are just a few of the five-hundred-odd men and women of distinction in many walks of life who have banded together in a mass of newly formed citizens' committees—forty-one in all—in the service of what the President calls his international "People to People Program." Among their fellow committeemen, rounding out a spectrum of American life, are industrialists such as ex-President Charles E. Wilson of General Electric and Board Chairman Harry A. Bullis of General Mills, lawyers such as General William J. Donovan, educators such as Dr. George N. Shuster, advertising men such as Sigurd S. Larmon of Young & Rubicam, hotel men, ministers, publishers, airline presidents, Hollywood entertainers, Rotary and Lions chieftains, and, serving as chairman of the "Hobbies Committee," President H. L. Lindquist of the National Federation of Stamp Clubs.

These people are engaging in one of the most-farflung civic undertakings ever launched—a self-steered effort by individuals and groups outside the government to communicate with the peoples of foreign countries in the interest of our national aims. The forty-one committees, now leagued together under a roof organization set up in February under the name "The People to People Foundation, Inc." (Honorary Chairman, Dwight D. Eisenhower), are only part of an upsurge of energy in the people-to-people movement that has seized hundreds of other foundations, trade associations, clubs, councils, conferences, study centers, and institutes. In this effort professional do-gooders, foundation bureaucrats, foreign-affairs experts, and public-relations men are inextricably intermixed.

What to Co-ordinate

Never, in fact, has the American predilection for "grouping" in multitudes of bodies been so pronounced—or, to foreigners at the other end, perhaps quite so astonishing. It has been estimated that there are more than five thousand separate *national* organizations in the United States concerned in some way with international affairs, ranging from Women United for the United Nations and the Children's Plea for Peace to the General Motors Corporation and the AFL-CIO. Today so many different groups and steersmen are involved as often to obscure just what is being steered and to create a demand for co-ordinating bodies—which in turn means setting up more groups. Thus we now have, quite apart from the People to People Foundation, the new World Affairs Center for the United States (doors to open on its auditorium and lecture rooms in New York this spring), set up with aid from the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and the Carnegie Endowment. Its executive director, Philip Woodyatt, remarks of it, "Our Center is based on the recognition that there should be co-ordination—but we're still working on just what should be co-ordinated and how."

THE American people-to-people impulse is evidently a multiple response to a multiple challenge. Its unifying force is clearly the realization that the day of American isolation is gone and that we have entered a new one of interdependence and responsibility abroad. "There is also a certain hunger at work," one of the President's committeemen adds; "a desire, maybe only half-conscious, to hurdle the barriers that still set us apart with our conspicuous wealth." When the Creole Petroleum Corporation, operating in Venezuela, tore down the company fence that had long insulated its American personnel from local contact and launched a program of immersing itself in the Venezuelan community and its problems, it was responding on its own to the people-to-people urge.

The urge also reflects the enormously increased personal experience of foreign lands by Americans in our time. Some seven million overseas war veterans have been followed by the masses of troops now stationed abroad plus a hundred thousand or so American civilians working there at this moment either for government, business, international organizations, eleemosynary bodies, or their own education—plus the two million-odd American travelers who go abroad each year. "Say that each returning tourist talks to ten people at home about what he saw and felt," remarks People to People committeeman Ralph T. Reed, president of the American Express Company. "That makes a total of twenty million people annually who get the foreign impact."

At the start of this month, some forty leading experts met at Syracuse University's Maxwell Graduate School for a conference on the education and training of American citizens working abroad. Last De-

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cember the Institute of International Education, pioneer in the field of "exchange of persons" in which more than twenty thousand foreigners were brought to America in 1956, from teen-age students to national leaders, held a full-dress national conference on that, in which almost a hundred groups participated.

All told, with such a flourish of congresses, committees, and subcommittees (the Hobbies Committee of the People to People Program alone has no fewer than sixty of the latter), we seem to be witnessing what amounts to a progressive internationalization of American life under the principle of management by many. But above all we are seeing the inspirational effect at home of just one man at the top, President Eisenhower himself. His predecessors launched massive government programs of foreign information, propaganda, cultural exchange, and technical assistance. It remained for Mr. Eisenhower, while continuing and sometimes enlarging these programs, to tell the American people in his own hearty way that this alone couldn't do the trick and that they had better move in themselves and do the job on their own.

Problem of Leadership

The President first voiced this publicly in an address last spring at Baylor University, where he took as his theme "the truth that all peoples of the free world must learn to work together more effectively in the solution of our common problems." America's part in this, he said, couldn't be done just "through paper work in a governmental bureau." The responsibility must rest on the people as a whole, and particularly on those with recourse to means outside government. "You," he told his listeners, "can join with like-minded men and women in the many voluntary associations that promote people-to-people contact around the world. By means of them . . . solutions are approached by many avenues. Creative thinking is sparked. Mutual understanding is furthered."

To provide a spark, a White House conference was called in September at which several score leaders in American business, pro-

fessions, and the arts assembled to hear the President encourage them to go ahead. The cast of characters, along with their agenda, had been drawn up largely by the U.S. Information Agency, though with advice from private organizations. "If we are going to take advantage of the assumption that all people want peace," the President told them, "then the problem is for people to get together and to leap governments—if necessary to evade governments. . ." The implication of this last clause, thrown out extemporaneously, was that they might well also evade our own. As to leadership, he said, gazing about the room, "Here are people that we hope will lead us." "It is up to you," chimed in John Foster Dulles, greeting all these potential private ambassadors of good will.

"Sometimes I don't understand your President," privately remarked a European diplomat in Washington, shaking his head some time after this session. "He is the head of the world's greatest power, yet observe how he hands away leadership. Just as he yielded the initiative to the United Nations over the Middle East, so here he tells a mass of undirected private persons to go out and conduct American foreign relations on their own around the globe. In my country, such abdication would be unheard of."

In struggling to fathom the Eisenhower mind and the domestic response to it the diplomat was missing an essential point. It is that the President, in the very act of seeming to yield leadership to those outside of government, was actually attracting and enlisting groups normally suspicious of government—groups that may now serve him as a kind of diplomatic second force all the more effective just because it remains independent of government. The President, himself a servant of government virtually all his life, is prone to be greatly fascinated by men in successful private enterprise—sometimes even uncritically so—and by what they can accomplish. But when he derogates the overriding potentialities of government, he is speaking a language all Americans understand and an extraordinary variety of them welcome. This, of course, puzzles the visiting diplomat, who thinks it most paradoxical that our top official today should be the one to stress the limitations of officialdom. In his own old-world country, foreign affairs are by definition official affairs. Its private businesses active abroad are intimately tied to government policy, while such things as free-wheeling, private foundations are unknown. Yet signs exist that in his country as in others, America's plural, nonofficial, original approach is bringing responses such as he hadn't expected.

'On Our Own'

"The main thing about this people-to-people scheme, as I see it, is that it stays free of our friends in Washington," remarks one of the President's leading committeemen, Edmund S. Whitman of the United Fruit Company, talking across his desk at a Hudson River pier. Chairman Al Capp of the President's Cartoonists' Committee adds over his drawing board, "We wouldn't have bought this program if it had tied us to government."

"We are on our own with our own tool, which I think of as truth, understanding and brotherly love," declares massive Charles E. Wilson of General Electric.

Early this February, with Mr. Wilson as its guiding spirit, the People to People Foundation came into being in New York as a Presidentially sponsored holding company for the program of private initiative agreed on at the White House conference. The assorted Washington conferees now emerged as committee chairmen and *ex-officio* trustees of the new institution, complete with by-laws—with one major casualty. President George Meany of the AFL-CIO let it be known, through his stand-in, that his organization could not participate. "Our unions have been doing their own people-to-people work abroad

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through their own internationals for half a century," is the AFL-CIO position, "and when the President's program was converted into a money-raising foundation enlisting everybody, we wanted no part of it." In other words, labor must go its own uncontaminated way.

Despite this defection, the organization meeting went ahead, electing General Donovan its chairman and Mr. Wilson its president and adopting a program calling for the promotion of "closer understanding and co-operation among the peoples of the world and between them and the people of the United States of America."

The Foundation is to aid, correlate, and try to finance the activities of its many autonomous member groups —to be, in short, a middleman or clearinghouse of ideas and money in the people-to-people effort. Significantly, the words to "assist the United States government," originally drafted into its articles of incorporation, were stricken out at its February meeting by unanimous vote.

THE FOUNDATION'S present headquarters in New York bear little physical resemblance to those of the two great bodies from which it is particularly hopeful of getting funds—the deep-carpeted, plant-banked retreat of the Ford Foundation on Madison Avenue, and the stratospheric floors of the Rockefeller headquarters.

They consist of just a pair of long bare rooms among the studios above soon-to-be-demolished Carnegie Hall, where the sound of a tenor practicing Wagner obtrudes from one side and mingles with advanced Chopin exercises on the other. The whole atmosphere, with its plain walls, scattered folding chairs, and handouts piled upon desk edges, suggests a campaign center in the first stage of formation. Two People to People vice-presidents—George V. Denny, Jr., for many years the moderator of radio's "Town Meeting of the Air," and Richard Salzmann—are on hand to explain what the organization is setting out to do. "Governments make wars, but people have to fight them," Mr. Denny says at the outset. "As the President says, we're here to try to help build peace." "What we hope to do," adds Mr. Salzmann, "is to give identity and physiognomy to many people's ideas . . . and raise cash."

Some Assorted Committees

A Fine Arts Committee, for instance, consisting of some thirty-five museum directors and art collectors, including Mrs. Henry Ford II, has met under the chairmanship of Dr. David E. Finley of the United States Commission of Fine Arts and come up with a request for $120,000 to arrange exchange exhibits of American and foreign work as well as to supply our embassies abroad with some good pictures at last. (It has also appointed five subcommittees.) A Radio and TV Committee headed by President Frank Stanton of CBS is devising plans for exchange of technicians and the deeding over of American surplus equipment to aid foreign electronics development—and the next step may be exchange of programs here and abroad. It isn't asking for any financing outside the industry. An Advertising Committee chaired by President Theodore Repplier of the Advertising Council is proposing to bring twenty or more foreign admen here to work in American agencies studying American marketing techniques, and is also projecting a documentary TV film on world-wide Soviet propaganda for showing here. A Music Committee under Eugene Ormandy is looking for money to enable it to aid and coach American composers entering international competitions. A Letters Committee is out to increase the two-way flow of what is sometimes called "pen-pal" correspondence between here and abroad —an exercise in which possibly two hundred thousand Americans of all ages are already engaged. Colonel Edward P. F. Eagan, chairman of the Sports Committee, is proposing a greatly increased program of international athletic contests, on the ground (sometimes disputed) that these establish greater friendship. "Our Nationalities Committee," says Foundation President Wilson, "has ambitious plans for facilitating visits to this country of relatives of the thirty-five million foreign-born Americans."

A Foreign Affairs Committee—rather oddly titled, since all the committees seem concerned with affairs abroad—is asking for just $18,000 to enable it to act throughout its first year as a corresponding center with serious study groups abroad resembling our own Council on Foreign Relations. "Today there are some 125 regional or smaller groups of this sort in our own country," remarks chairman Dr. Brooks Emeny, "but there's no coordination of heterogeneous elements." Al Capp's Cartoonists' Committee, meanwhile, wants to reach foreign millions and has launched elaborate schemes. "Usually it's impossible to get a cartoonist to draw any picture he doesn't have to in order to survive," says Mr. Capp, "or to go anywhere except to a musical comedy or a golf course." Yet almost forty of them, including such renowned figures as Milton Caniff, journeyed to Washington at their own expense for their first committee meeting. What aroused their enthusiasm, as Capp puts it, was that "this was the first time the government had recognized that the most influential group of entertainers in America are cartoonists—the best of them reaching an audience of fifty or sixty million a day, plus huge followings abroad."

The cartoonists are projecting a "giant comic book" for low-priced foreign consumption, in which an all-star cast of characters famous across the continents will for the first time be brought together under one cover in stories especially designed to treat areas of American life sometimes misunderstood abroad. The plan is "to show what we are really like—not a predatory folk but one of friendly, peaceable and neighborly attitudes." Then the committee also wants to bring prominent foreign cartoonists over here, turn them loose, and publish the results of their view of us. "Imagine showing side by side what the top Spanish and Japanese cartoonists, say, see in Detroit in the same week." Finally, the group wants to put out a pamphlet for American tourists designed to alert them to the twisted image that Soviet propaganda abroad is trying to implant of us as loud, rude, and contemptuous folk, and by indirection warn them not to live up to that. The device is to be that of having such familiar, beloved strip personalities as the mild Dagwood step out of character and act for the

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occasion as the Soviets say we act—leaving it to the reader to get the point.

Mr. Faulkner's Idea

If the cartoonists' group is one of the most dedicated, William Faulkner's writers' group is the most original—no one in it more so than chairman Faulkner himself. Last fall, after attending the White House talent caucus, Faulkner sent out to some hundred fellow writers a letter unique even in the catalogue of Faulkneriana. It began:

"The President has asked me to organize American writers to see what we can do to give a true picture of our country to other people.

"Will you join such an organization?

"Pending a convenient meeting, will you send to me in a sentence, or a paragraph, or a page, or as many more as you like, your private idea of what might further this project?

"I am enclosing my own ideas as a sample.

"1. Anaesthetize, for one year, American vocal cords.

"2. Abolish, for one year, American passports.

"3. Commandeer every American automobile. Secrete Johnson grass seed in the cushions and every other available place. Fill the tanks with gasoline. Leave the switch key in the switch and push the car across the Iron Curtain.

"4. Ask the Government to establish a fund. Choose 10,000 people between 18 and 30, preferably Communists. Bring them to this country and let them see America as it is. Let them buy an automobile on the installment plan, if that's what they want. . . ."

The response was instantaneous. Comments and counterproposals came in from every side, ranging from "Won't be associated with anything sponsored by the Republican Party" and "Futile: We are barbarians anyway" to "Free Ezra Pound!," "Free and untampered exchange of books," and even "Abolish literary agents!" Thirty well-known authors, ranging from Edna Ferber to the usually cloistered William Carlos Williams, met in New York last December to hear Faulkner pursue in seriousness his idea of bringing in our enemies to see us ("Let the Communist Party ticket be their passport," he declared) and discuss the need of sending better American works abroad and in cheaper editions. Finally, after some abstentions, a group of twenty-five accepted a statement drawn up by Faulkner, John Steinbeck, and the young poet Donald Hall emphasizing the need of bringing here "people from all over the world who do not agree with us," and on the other hand the need of our own government to "disseminate books, plays, and moving pictures . . . at least to match what the Russians are doing." However, the writers declared, "when communication becomes propaganda, it ceases to communicate." Just how our government could conduct such dissemination without giving it an air of propaganda they did not say.

Vital Spontaneity

They were touching on but skirting a problem that lies at the very core of the whole people-to-people impulse. No fact about governmental efforts at persuasion is more apparent in this day of a surfeit of persuasion than the diminishing returns they produce. Not even truthfulness banishes suspicion so long as an official purpose can be detected behind it. Nor does it banish boredom. Spontaneity and high-level directives just do not go together.

Close to a decade ago, cultural-affairs experts at the State Department, anxious to demonstrate to the world our interest in modern art, assembled at government cost a brilliant traveling collection of contemporary American paintings. The then Secretary, General George C. Marshall, however, learning that the exhibit going out under his name included a number of frank nudes, exploded and cashiered the whole project. Ever since, American cultural attachés have been as wary of nudes as of their own necks. Dr. Finley's private fine-arts group, and the Foundation above it, can do what nervous government officials cannot—namely, not worry about nudes unless they are also bad art.

Business's Part

One day in late 1955 the President, when first becoming interested in the people-to-people concept, called in his friend and golfing companion, Board Chairman Sigurd S. Larmon of Young & Rubicam, to explore what American business might do on its own. The outcome was the formation of the Business Council for International Understanding, whose membership now embraces some seventy-nine top companies functioning in the international field, from Johns-Manville and Goodrich Tire to Time, Inc. Among its objectives are "to encourage business concerns and individuals to do things that will furnish evidence to other peoples of our friendliness toward them and our desire to understand their point of view; create better understanding of our political and economic system . . .; convince the peoples of other nations that their own interests will be best served by working with us for world freedom, progress and peace." All this sounds somewhat like a government directive, but it was drawn up by private public-relations men. The Council became in effect a pilot project for the People to People Program as a whole, of which it is now an integral part. Now it is deep in its own pilot operation, which takes place in Mexico.

There the Council (through a subcommittee) has conducted a detailed study of what American businesses and other groups are doing or failing to do in the way of cultivating harmonious close relationships with Mexicans, and has come up with a ten-point program of what more could be done by Americans and Mexicans working together. The projects (to be sponsored by local joint committees, under American and Mexican co-chairmen) range from providing U.S. executives with a manual on Mexico to providing Mexican migratory workers with

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briefings on conditions they may confront north of the border. Even a safe-driving campaign—much needed in Mexico—is to be launched through the co-operation of Mexican traffic officials and American automobile manufacturers. As of the beginning of March, all Mexican government Ministries consulted, along with the Mexican Chamber of Commerce and other business and professional groups, are reported to have declared themselves unanimously favorable to the plan, their chief source of gratification being that it bears every earmark of being genuinely public-spirited, not just an intrusion of outside interested parties, and, above all, joint.

"If the plan succeeds," says the Council's Mr. Whitman, "we're thinking of using it as a model for other countries as well—forming other subcommittees for the purpose." "Think of what we could do in Jordan, say," another committeeman added last week, "or in Syria!"

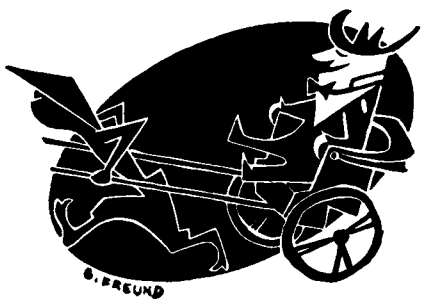
It is still too early to report responses from many countries to what in large part is still a program on paper. But enough has happened in "pilot stages" over the years to indicate a chain of reaction. In Venezuela, for instance, the activity of companies like Creole Petroleum in building community relationships and sending increasing number of local employees to America for study has helped stimulate a program by the Venezuelan government of sending other students here on its own. Here at home the National Planning Association, whose governing board includes many men now swept up in the People to People Program, was able to declare over a year ago in a detailed study of Creole Petroleum that the company's local relations "are good in the fundamental sense that the Venezuelan people think of Creole as a real asset in the country, and not as a foreign entity interested only in taking away the nation's wealth."

In West Germany, the response to American initiative in privately-sponsored student, professional, and businessmen's exchange has been such as to flood the corporations and institutes offering hospitality. In Italy, firms like Fiat, Olivetti, and the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro of Rome have reacted to the rising people-to-people enthusiasm at this end over several years by putting up dollar funds of their own for dispatch of trainees to the United States, Olivetti doubling its stake just last month. Recently a French cultural-affairs official in America remarked, "I do not know what all this American initiative and activity portends. It may mean simply that Washington has some new political aim in mind. But I am reporting to Paris that it may possibly be a good one."

Dispelling Suspicion

The suspicion that all this may simply be another government-directed scheme using private "cover" persists in certain minds abroad accustomed to dealings between governments and their agents, but not between peoples acting on their own. It was a Viennese conditioned in the school of Metternich who raised an eyebrow and remarked to this reporter, when being told of all the things the Rockefeller Foundation and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund were now doing abroad, "What . . . and you mean to tell me the Rockefeller brothers aren't in league with the Dulles brothers—or at least with John Foster's brother Allen?"

It is true that government originally suggested the people-to-people approach. Nor was President Eisenhower himself its only creator. As far back as mid-Truman days, the State Department's huge Public Affairs establishment (later converted into the U.S. Information Agency) began seeking out private groups to do abroad what government could not do anywhere near so well. An Office of Private Cooperation was set up which over the years has stimulated projects such as international letter writing, getting American colleges to affiliate themselves with foreign ones and asking Rotary and the Veterans of Foreign Wars to present thousands of kits of American best books to foreign libraries. But from the start the government was sensible enough not to advise what books, or what to say in letters. It merely proposed the general ideas.



Moreover, the Truman era was not one in which any idea emanating from Washington was grasped with particular eagerness by the business community. Today, with General Eisenhower there, the rate of acceptance has enormously increased. And his forthright words make patent what all along was implicit—that in this field Washington only proposes; it does not dispose.

The crux now is whether the American way of responding to official prodding will be understood abroad. On this hangs the success of the entire People to People Program. It is true that USIA's Office of Private Cooperation, running on a budget of about $500,000, is providing some passing aid to Mr. Wilson's Foundation and its committees. But this is minuscule and hardly able to cover clerical costs until such time as the Foundation can get financially off the ground. As it does, it will be performing something for which there are no government appropriations in any case—a two-way give-and-take program, as against the government's own prescribed one-way undertaking of "projecting America" abroad.

IF DOUBTS REMAIN in foreign minds about the sincerity and spontaneity of this program, perhaps they can best be dispelled by its very multiplicity, its typically American combination of all sorts and kinds of people getting into the act, with a bit of confusion, overlapping, and naïveté. The chairman of one Person to Person committee uses athletic Madison Avenue language to describe the task ahead as simply "an all-out public-relations battle" with the Soviets. On the other hand, a professor influential in exchange-of-persons circles lectures loftily about "special-problem centered research," "formally programmed people," and "building accessibility into the structure"—whatever these things may be. All this is part of the variety. If the program can convince other peoples that each American is wholeheartedly on his own when he talks to them, that will be triumph enough.

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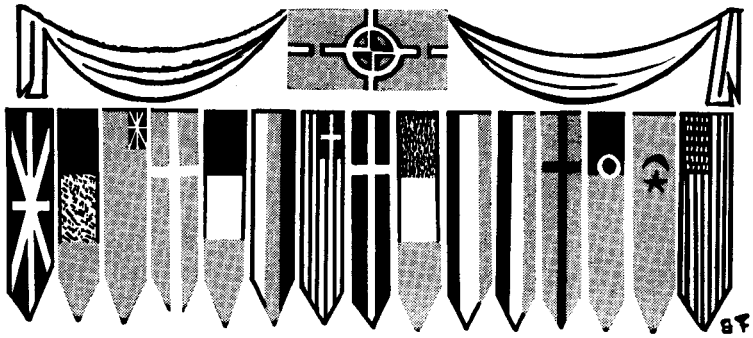

The United Nations: High-Level Hearsay

MARYA MANNES

AT EVERY SESSION of the General Assembly there is a pervasive buzz in the corridors and the Delegates' Lounges; a buzz that might be called gossip if it did not come from men of such knowledge, authority, and—for the most part—integrity. This is the talk that precedes and accompanies historic events. Much of it is lost in the daily reporting of these events; some of it deserves to be. But a certain amount of it can help clarify action and sharpen understanding. What follows is an account of this kind of talk, heard by this reporter during the last week of the Eleventh Assembly when the Arab-Israeli crisis was moving into its third act. It was mainly about the leading actors: Dag Hammarskjöld and David Ben Gurion; Lodge, Dulles, and Eisenhower; Krishna Menon.

The Israeli and the Swede

"The real confrontation has been between the Man on the 38th Floor and old B. G.," said a delegate. "Dag and Ben Gurion have had a long and painful history together, by meeting and by letter, and if you know what they are like you will see why."

Dag Hammarskjöld is an aesthete, a lawyer, a man of extraordinary intellectual grace, an aristocrat in civilized living, an inexhaustible worker. The only terms of criticism leveled at him here were "overlegalistic" and "difficult to communicate with." When he worked in government in Sweden, the complexity of his utterances was the butt of many jokes. His colleagues not only found him sometimes impossible to decipher; they suspected at times that Hammarskjöld's complexity had become a blanket for evasion, for the turnings of a too labyrinthine mind.

As a man of reason, the Secretary-General has a mistrust of passion that is not far from abhorrence. This alone would have made his dealings with the Israeli Prime Minister falter. "Ben Gurion's scholarship is formidable," said the delegate [it is also largely self-taught] "—history, languages, philosophy—almost a match for Dag's. But there are other things about him that tend to pull the two men apart. For one thing, B. G. has the passion of an Old Testament prophet and a new-state nationalist. He has the guile and stubbornness of a trade-union leader, which he used to be. And on top of that, he has the intuitive impulse of a visionary.

"Ben Gurion," the delegate went on, "is profoundly indifferent to the arts of living that are indispensable to Dag. He thinks the gadgetry of comfort quite irrelevant. He couldn't live without his three rooms lined from floor to ceiling with books, but a pile of dirty dishes in the sink doesn't bother him in the least."

In spite of these deep disparities, he said, the first meeting between Dag and B. G. could have been termed a success. This was, of course, before the triple invasions, when the Secretary-General went to Egypt and Israel in the role of diagnostician. "B. G. was enormously impressed by Dag's stature as a statesman, and I think the Secretary was equally impressed by B. G.'s knowledge and candor. Ben Gurion really put his cards on the table, face up. He believed that the same candor had been exacted of Nasser. That was one time the trade-union bargainer took a back seat."

But after the results of Hammarskjöld's preceding visit with Nasser became apparent—the Egyptian *quid*, according to the Israelis, far short of their own *quo*—the trade-union leader felt betrayed. And when next the Prime Minister met the Secretary-General, the barriers were up to such an extent that neither would trust himself to speak on any plane but the wholly abstract.

"Ben Gurion gave a lengthy dissertation on the history of Zionism, and Hammarskjöld talked of global concepts. They parted with more than a gulf and a strip between them. From then on B. G. became to Dag an obstructive and headstrong nuisance, and Dag seemed to B. G. a sort of legalistic labyrinth with no direct access."

To those who know the Israeli Prime Minister, this loss of faith in the U.N. power of mediation was the last of the progressive disillusions that led to invasion. Let down, as he believed, by the United States in its refusal to send arms, intolerably harassed by the Arabs, threatened by Soviet arms, he saw Israel faced with two imminent and equal perils: that of passivity and that of action. Being the man he was, he chose the second.

Cairo Practice

What actually happened between Hammarskjöld and Nasser is still a mystery to many. Few have doubted the Secretary-General's scrupulous efforts at the fairness and impartiality his position demands; and the few who know him are acquainted with the agonies of maintaining this impartiality against the natural sympathies of a profoundly European man. "I think," said one statesman, "they may have forced him to fall over backwards in the attempt

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to submerge his instinctive 'western' attitudes."

To some U.N. observers, Dag's monumental efforts toward maintaining the peace through the United Nations started with an intense eagerness to live up to the responsibilities invested in him and in the organization. But then, when several governments—and certainly the United States—were using him to direct their foreign policy, the Secretary-General felt overwhelmed to the point of exhaustion by tasks he knew his office was neither designed for nor required to undertake.

"Now that they're dumped in his lap, though," said a delegation member, "it seems as if he doesn't want to let them go. There's a feeling here that he's begun to resent or distrust developments he has nothing to do with."

The Afro-Asian Lodge

The name of Lodge will loosen any tongue, although the undisputed power he exerts at the United Nations flows from position rather than personality. Contradicting those who say he has the President's ear, there are more who say that ear is monopolized by Dulles, and that the Bostonian is merely the implementer and mouthpiece of his elders' policies.

But all who work with him—not beside him but across the table—agree that the outstanding quality of Ambassador Lodge is inflexibility. And they wonder at the same time how a man so concerned with "morality" can be so seduced by expediency.

These non-Americans will say in the same breath that his alternate representative, James J. Wadsworth, is "a man you can talk to." The genuine warmth, the receptive and perceptive brain in the great shambling body, seem to enjoy universal respect and affection. "They should let him do more," is the final comment.

Not that there is any lack of geniality in Ambassador Lodge outside of United Nations confines. He is a charming conversationalist, a gay companion, and a most able singer of simple songs in four languages. What confounds non-American colleagues, however, is the kind of obtuseness which would permit him to sing "Abdul the Bul Bul Ameer" uproariously at a small gathering that included several Arabs. "We winced," said a witness.

Krishna Menon

That Lodge's ambition—a consuming one—is to be Secretary of State is the general assumption. "That, of course, is why he has made such a play for the Arab world. If he can deliver the Afro-Asian bloc, he will have an enormous asset for the job." Certainly, his attempts to disinfect himself from the taint of "colonialism" are obvious: His contacts with the British have been reduced to a minimum, and huddles with our other Allies are few. They in turn were deeply disquieted when Lodge huddled with Krishna Menon. "Watch out," they would murmur; something dirty's brewing!"

The Irreplaceable

For Krishna Menon was the ubiquitous spirit of this Eleventh Assembly, as he has been of previous ones. And rarely did his private remarks prick more listening ears than when this extraordinary Indian who profoundly dislikes most Americans once said, "I like Cabot—yes, I like Cabot!" with an air of charmed surprise at his own unpredictability.

Although Menon is now in India and—since he seeks election to government there—may not return to the U.N., no one forgets him. His face and voice haunt the place.

And how dramatic his illnesses! "I was up in the booth when he collapsed that day at the Assembly," said a BBC commentator, "and it was incredible. There he was, talking, and a minute later he was melting to the ground like a lead soldier held over a flame—feet first!"

What was even more incredible was that the subsequent range of Menon's blood pressure, from over 200 to about 65 ("that of a hibernating bear"), did not prevent him from having a bedside press conference not long after, or from rising to speak the next day—and again and again.

Some attribute his collapses to psychosomatic causes ("must have attention") others say he is indeed gravely ill; and one correspondent is convinced his hours are numbered because the two previous Indian delegates who spoke at the U.N. for Kashmir died soon thereafter. "Sort of Tutankhamen curse, you know."

An Indian reporter, who seemed unmoved by Mr. Menon's ailments, said, "You know, when anybody else faints you wave smelling salts in front of them. With Krishna, you wave a microphone."

Menon is universally disliked and perversely missed. He is missed because he had more color than anyone else, because he was a greater nuisance than anyone else, and because he was considerably more intelligent than nearly anybody else. They miss him because he didn't have to wait for instructions, like everybody else, because he could ad lib ad infinitum, which nobody else could, and that however infuriating he might be with his meddling, his tortuous reasoning, and his self-infatuation, he was always a good show—which practically nobody else in the Assembly was.

Saturnine? Bad Fairy? The words belong to him.

History Is Around the Corner

And what of Dulles and the President, surely more than featured players in the second and third acts of the Israeli drama?

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"You take all these separate and different ambitions," said the delegate who spoke of Ben Gurion and Dag and Lodge, "and then you come to two men who may not have long to live, will never hold another office, have no votes to get—in short, who have nothing to lose now but their place in posterity. They have only this one ambition left: to be Men of Morality, responsible for peace. Their constituent is history." He likened the President, of whom he was intensely critical, to Wellington, von Hindenburg and Pétain—men who thought themselves above politics when in reality they lacked the vision to make politics constructive, who thought themselves leaders when in fact they were led, who were symbols for lack of substance.

"We appreciate," said the delegate, "the painful dilemma in which the United States finds itself on the question of Israel. But you cannot convince me that psychological troubles do not play a large part in the relations between the President, Dulles, Lodge, and the Israelis. They are irritated by the abrasive urgency of a people fighting for its life, they are swamped by their overarticulateness, they are embarrassed by the earthy obduracy, the Biblical 'heaviness' of people like Ben Gurion and Golda Meir.

"As for getting B. G. and Eisenhower together," he added, "Thank God they didn't. Ben Gurion is a prodigious reader!"

Dulles, however, is at least credited at the U.N. for having faced the realities of the Israeli-Arab crisis and with having seen the light in time to exert irresistible pressures toward its solution. "Let us say that he broke the deadlock by exacting the withdrawal as an act of faith in United States intentions toward Israel. Quite an achievement, after so many losses of this faith."

"WE FEEL," said a delegate from Ireland, "that we have made *our* contribution to world peace by sitting between the Israeli and Iraqi delegations."

Thanks also to alphabetical seating, Ireland, Israel, and Italy formed together what they called "the New York Delegation." It was the cosiest corner of the Eleventh Assembly of the United Nations.

Aftermath In Hungary

LESLIE B. BAIN

HISTORY will certainly show that both the Hungarian revolution and the effort to extinguish it went far beyond the goals originally envisaged. For a short time at least, the revolution for liberty and justice was on its way to becoming a passionate anarchy; the counter-revolution, first intended merely as a braking action, turned into a tyranny as bad as that which impelled the revolution.

The Amoral Mr. Kadar

What manner of men are the new rulers of Hungary? Even a cursory examination of their backgrounds shows them to be men of moderate ambition, old hands at double dealing both inside and outside the Communist Party.

In the 1930's János Kadar (whose real name is János Csermanek), a former steelworker, was a hard-working member of the Communist Youth League with no apparent distinction. In the 1940's he was arrested by the Horthy government and, when later released, was accused by his comrades of having betrayed the party. He was expelled.

After the war he rejoined the party and climbed rapidly. By 1949 he was a deputy first secretary and after László Rajk's dismissal in 1949 he was entrusted with the important post of Minister of Interior. In 1951 he was arrested as a Titoist but was released in 1954 at the insistence of Mátyás Rákosi, the party boss, who claimed that the crimes attributed to Kadar were perpetuated by Gábor Péter, the discredited chief of the AVH, or secret police. Readmitted to the party, Kadar was made secretary of the 13th District, which comprised the most important industrial sections of Budapest.

That Kadar was tortured while in the hands of the AVH is indisputable. His fingernails were torn off by Wladimir Farkas, the AVH colonel now awaiting trial with his father, General Mihaly Farkas. But another facet to Kadar's story came to light last May, when Rákosi, fighting to maintain his leadership of the party, forced Kadar to support him. It developed that in the summer of 1949, when Rajk was in jail awaiting trial, Kadar, then Minister of Interior, together with General Farkas, chief of the armed forces, had a conversation with Rajk in his cell. Kadar persuaded Rajk to confess by promising a "faked" sentence and immunity for his wife and child, and by showing him that a confession would help the party. Rajk agreed and his death sentence was based on this confession.

Unknown to Kadar, this meeting in jail was tape-recorded, and last May, Rákosi played it back in Kadar's presence. Confronted with the recording, Kadar agreed to support Rákosi.

Most revealing of Kadar's amorality is his rapid change of attitude toward Imre Nagy. Ten days after Nagy was dismissed by the Russians, Kadar, then Prime Minister, said, "I'll be glad to talk to Imre Nagy any time, and he can always get a seat in my Cabinet. It is up to him to decide." When Nagy refused his offer, Kadar charged that "Imre Nagy opened the way for the counter-revolution," and a few days later proclaimed him a traitor.

FERENC MUNNICH, until very recently Minister of the Armed Forces and Public Security, is the second most influential leader in the Cabinet. He is a cultured, clever man with a hearty appetite for the good things of life. In the 1930's he fought in Spain alongside Rajk and after the Second World War became police chief of Budapest. Though many of his best friends were hanged or jailed during the Rákosi purges, Munnich always managed to cut his losses in time and to continue to serve the leaders of the party, acting at one time as Rákosi's ambassador to Rus-

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sia and later as his representative in Belgrade.

Like Kadar, Munnich began by believing that the original Nagy program must be kept to pacify the country. Immediately after the return of the Soviet forces on November 4 and the dismissal of Nagy, Munnich said to me: "We are not crazy; we know that the Nagy program is a must for Hungary." But the drift of events pushed Munnich toward open terror and he became the nemesis of "deviationists."

That role has now passed to the newly appointed Minister of the Armed Forces, Geza Revesz, a Hungarian who for twenty years has been a Soviet citizen and who was at one time a staff member of the Soviet MVD. Munnich himself has been made a First Deputy Premier.

Antal Apro, an old-timer as Communist leaders go, is the only Jew in the otherwise markedly anti-Semitic Kadar government. He became a member of the Politburo in 1945, and his adaptability and his predilection for "wait-and-see" tactics

enabled him to survive as one of the elect. Today, as Minister of Industry, he has one of the most troublesome jobs in the régime.

Marosan and Kallai

György Marosan, Minister of State without portfolio, is to the Hungarians the most despicable member of the Kadar government. During his five years in Rákosi's jail he bombarded Rákosi with the most fulsome letters of loyalty, and upon his release announced triumphantly, "I went in a Social Democrat and came out a Communist."

His attitude toward the press was succinctly stated in a remark he recently made to a reporter: "The best thing would be to arrest every newspaperman and be done with them."

In one of his typically irresponsible moods, he said of the repressive measures instituted by him: "Yes, I have to do the dirty work, and when it is all over those fellows in Romania (meaning Nagy and his associates) will want to come back and take everything away from us. But we won't let it happen. We'll see them in hell first."

Gyula Kallai, the gray eminence of the Kadar régime, has recently been appointed Minister of Education. He has Kadar's ear, and Kadar, a man with limited education, respects Kallai's clever, cultured, suave qualities. The two have been close since the 1930's and Kadar always looked upon Kallai as his mentor. They were arrested, tried, and rehabilitated together. Kallai, after his release also supported Rákosi. He was rewarded with the job of Deputy Minister of Cultural Affairs and just before the revolution was named to the post of Minister. He has no special qualifications, except as a connoisseur of art.

Not a member of the official family but regarded by many as the most important person in Hungary today is Sandor Dekany, son-in-law of Rákosi, former general of the Hungarian police and now adviser to the Soviet forces in Hungary. Dekany came from the Soviet Union with the army units sent to crush the Hungarian revolt. He brought with him a file, compiled by Rákosi and himself before Rákosi's downfall, containing 402 names of "unreliable" Communists. Those with inside information insist that Soviet Ambassador Anropov, the real ruler of Hungary, put Dekany in charge of police measures and that he is acting through Soviet MVD officers sent to Hungary to clean up the mess.

A Wizard Needed at Ozd

Probably the greatest obstacle in the path of Kadar is the shattered economy of Hungary. Nearly bankrupt before the revolution, it is now a hopeless tangle. Large-scale foreign loans would help, but except for the relatively small amounts "friendly democracies" have offered, Kadar has only the Hungarian banknote press to help him.

Hungarian economists have proposed two measures to bring a semblance of order into the chaos: a fifty per cent cut in scheduled capital investments (which may be cut further before long), and more profitable production. To achieve the latter, the entire production of Hungary has been shifted to a much-decried method of capitalist exploitation, piecework. Basic unit costs have been established in every industry, and the workers' pay has been adjusted to them with a promise of bonuses if piecework exceeds certain figures or if production costs are lowered through higher productivity.

Unfortunately, both measures increase unemployment, which is already widespread. Throughout the country the lack of fuel and steel is causing cutbacks or shutdowns in industrial plants.

At Ozd, the most important source of steel and pig iron in Hungary, production in January was down to twenty-five per cent of last fall's figure. Owing to the lack of ore and coal the management has the choice of discharging a large part of its working force or sending it on vacation with fifty per cent pay. More and more frequently, dismissal provides the only practicable answer to the problem.

THE OUTLOOK for Hungary's agriculture is equally dark and uncertain. The revolution created havoc among the peasants and only a small beginning has been made toward bringing order to the country and

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assuring Hungary's food supply. An instance selected at random will illustrate various aspects of the problem:

Földes is a small agricultural town where eighty-five per cent of the arable land had been organized into four collectives. The largest of them was the Rákóczy, with several tractors and trucks, some auxiliary machinery, modern buildings, and silos. There were two hundred member families in the collective.

During the revolution the newly organized local council dissolved the collectives and ordered their assets distributed among the members. Thus the Rákóczy collective became two hundred small holdings. Then came the second intervention of the Soviets and the Kadar régime. Intensive efforts were made to reorganize the collectives and above all to rescue the distributed grain and livestock for the state. But only forty-seven families signed to rejoin. To alleviate the rapidly deteriorating food situation the government sent security forces to arrest the troublemakers. It also sent agitators to talk the peasants into rejoining. Nothing could have been more ill advised. Forgetting economic considerations, the peasants drew together in a solid front of fear, hate, and resistance. Efforts to revive the Rákóczy collective seemed bogged down for good.

There are some 2,500 similar collectives in Hungary and about three thousand rural communities like Földes.

Three Steps, Two Stools

The Kadar régime has undertaken three basic changes in the Hungarian economy to meet the emergency:

¶ Limited private enterprise has been introduced and is expected to yield food and consumer goods in large quantities. Privately owned shops are permitted to hire three workers without special license and fifteen workers with consent of the Ministry.

¶ In all the state-managed or cooperatively run plants, mines, farms, and factories, the cost of production is to be reduced by universal application of piecework.

¶ Wholesale dismissal of uneconomical production and management employees has begun.

Economists close to the Hungarian government say that it will take a full year to enable the planning office to bring runaway industry and agriculture under control. With coal production still at less than sixty per cent of the prerevolutionary figure, no production quotas can be set.

Before any kind of consolidation can take place in Hungary, Kadar and his Cabinet will have to make a basic choice: Adopt the revolution, or at least a part of its program, or turn completely against it. At this time Kadar is still trying to sit on two stools.

In a speech on February 3 he said: "The fact is that we really do not want a terror régime. We want democratic socialism, dictatorship of the proletariat, but we think we must find the guilty, hold them responsible, and investigate their activities." In the same speech Kadar said, "I must tell you Comrades that the counter-revolution is very active politically in two places: It stirs up the villages—here we must be very alert —and . . . the schools, where it reaches from the seven-year-olds . . . to the students of the last semester in the universities."

Schoolroom Hangings

That children reflect and exaggerate the unrest at home and in the community goes without saying. But there is something more than unrest behind the students' behavior today. At least twelve authenticated cases were recently reported where school children hanged or tried to hang their schoolmates for refusing to register with the priest who was allowed to visit the schools to organize religious classes. A particularly bad case was reported from a Budapest school, where an eleven-year-old girl —alone out of the entire class—did not put her name down on the list because, as it later appeared, she did not know what her religion was. She was hanged by her feet in the washroom and rescued near death, by a fifteen-year-old fellow student, who in turn was beaten unconscious.

Hungary has always had serious juvenile-delinquency problems, but since the revolution the number of children involved in all sorts of escapades has more than doubled. There are thousands of abandoned children all over Hungary today, but the situation is particularly serious in Budapest.

In higher educational institutions, the government's concentrated effort to besmirch the revolution and label it a western-directed counter-revolution was deeply resented by the students who led the revolt. The promise of amnesty merely added to their resentment, since they are in no mood to ask for pardon. Their ranks, although depleted by thousands of escapees, are still the hard core of resistance in Hungary.

WHILE Kadar is hammering away on villages and schools, Marosan and Munnich have been attacking the writers and intellectuals.

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Even though eighteen of the best writers have been charged with serious crimes and arrested, and though a number of others have escaped to the West, those remaining in Budapest who are still able to talk and write represent a serious threat to the régime. They are attacked constantly in newspapers, in party circles, and by the political police. They are not permitted to earn a living unless they recant and agree that the revolution was in fact a counter-revolution organized to serve western interests.

A complicating factor is the marked anti-Semitism which characterizes much of what has happened in Hungary. The Jews are being blamed by both sides. The present rulers of Hungary say that eighty per cent of the writers and intellectuals whose activities throughout the summer of 1956 contributed so heavily to the revolt were Jews. "Bourgeois Jews" were in fact among the fathers of the revolution. Most are in jail or in exile. On the other hand, among the revolutionaries themselves the charge that the Jews "rejoiced" at the suppression of the revolution because they were afraid of "patriotic Hungarians" has found much acceptance and is still being used as a method of identifying the Jews with the hated Russians. Though anti-Semitism has been indignantly rejected by the leadership of the revolution as well as officially by Kadar and his men, it plays a considerable role in Hungarian politics.

Police and Army

What remains of the armed forces of Hungary is split into several factions, whose loyalty is still doubtful in moments of crisis. Only the mighty threat of the Soviet Army holds the Hungarian police, the militia, and the evolving army together.

The dreaded AVH has been replaced by the political department of the security police, manned largely by old AVH officers and men bent on avenging their dead comrades. Several of them display Stalin's picture in their offices to demonstrate their allegiance and underscore their determination to use "Stalinist" methods. Their commander is László Mátyás, a former AVH officer who at one time was jailed by the Rákosi régime. Mátyás, who was once a captain in the Soviet Army and who returned to Hungary a Soviet citizen, reports to Görgy Sos, commander of the police, who in turn comes under the newly appointed Minister of the Armed Forces, Geza Revesz, widely recognized as an instrument of Soviet control.

Within the security police much dissension is evident between the "old guard" AVH men who held sway over Hungary from 1945 on and

those who have been added since the revolution, many of whom were at one time victims of the AVH themselves. The old guard is slowly gaining ground inasmuch as the Hungarians do not seem to want to stay put and the advocates of old methods are gaining the support of the Russians behind Kadar.

Last November, when Kadar still hoped to consolidate some gains of the revolution, he announced that the former activities of the AVH were to be investigated and asked people to report any illegal activity to the authorities. Only three AVH officers had been tried by January and none was sent to prison. Since the régime itself soon began to resort to old AVH methods, the investigation was sidetracked. The press was forbidden to mention it, and the investigating commission, made up of former AVH officers and prosecutors, was disbanded. The much-vaunted investigation and punishment of former Stalinists has been drowned in a flood of excuses, and criticism of the old Stalin-Rákosi régime is being suppressed with increasing vigor as bearing too close for comfort on the methods of the Kadar government.

The Hungarian Army itself is much more of a liability than an asset to the Russians, and a large part of the Soviet security police in Hungary is assigned to policing the army. This, plus Soviet interference with the police and militia all over the country is much resented by the Hungarian members. Fear, suspicion, and conspiracy are the order of the day. Police are checking police; dossiers are prepared against colleagues, superiors, and even Cabinet Ministers. No one knows who has an inside line to an important Russian, or who is collecting evidence against whom.

The former courthouse-jail on Fo Street is the headquarters of the Soviet MVD. Newspapermen and writers recently arrested reported that they were questioned by Russian officers with Hungarian security policemen acting as interpreters. The jailers are Hungarians but the investigators, prosecutors, and in some instances the judges are Russians. A newspaperman who was held there for three weeks reported that he overheard the questioning of General Kovács and Colonel Pál Maleter, two Hungarian officers arrested by the Russians during negotiations for Soviet withdrawal from Hungary. Both were questioned in Russian by a colonel of the MVD, and since they were both Moscow-trained, both were able to respond in Russian.

This dreaded prison is also the headquarters of Colonel Dekany, the Hungarian adviser of Soviet forces. Dekany commands a vast network of spies and informers. No Hungarian personage from the Premier down is exempt from Dekany's curiosity.

With twenty per cent of the arms formerly possessed by the Hungarian Army still unaccounted for, the fear that the spring months will see new outbreaks in Hungary may

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be justified. Kadar professes to believe seriously that a new outbreak is in the making and thereby attempts to justify the extreme repressive measures he is imposing. That flare-ups will occur as long as the Russians remain in Hungary and the Communists revert to terrorism goes without saying. When they do, they will be used by Russian and Hungarian forces as a pretext for tightening controls still further.

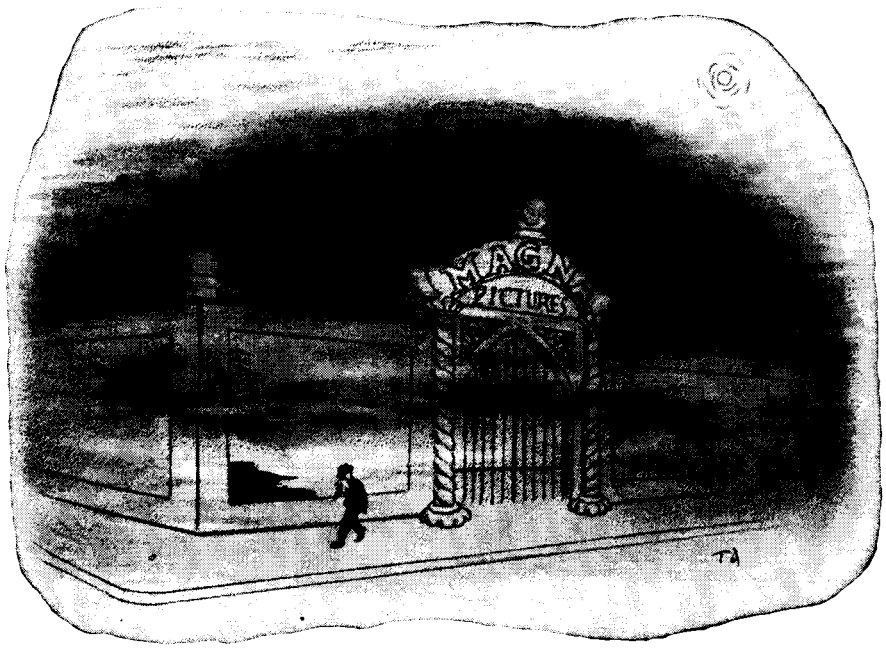
In the long run such methods will surely fail. The Communist Party itself is shot through with dissent and resentment. There can be no doubt that the revolt in October was touched off by Communists smitten by guilty consciences and by revulsion against the results of their own management. This spirit is still strong within their ranks.

In a speech on December 28, nearly two months after the revolt was crushed, Sandor Erdelyi, secretary of the state-controlled Writers' Guild, said: "Those who are holding against us that we were merely fighting against the restoration of the Rákosi régime should be aware of the fact that the struggle was also against the dangers inherent in the more immediate, the inner, the presently ensconced power . . ."

Ferenc Kezmarki of Kunszentmarton said in a recent Communist activist meeting: "I would like to send this message to the cities: Demand what is proper, what is coming to you, what is your right—and give up only excessive demands . . ."

Last January Balas Kardos, the secretary of the Communist Party in an important agricultural district, said this to party functionaries and "reorganized" Communist activists: "Let me summarize what I wanted to say to the leaders of our country concerning Soviet methods. In the future if they bring a new jacket for us from Moscow and if it happens that the sleeves do not fit, let them not try to remedy the situation by cutting pieces off our arms as they have done heretofore. It would better serve everyone's purpose if instead of cutting off our arms, they would try to refit the sleeves to our measure."

The moral forces that sparked the October revolt in Hungary are not by any means dead. And Kadar and his men know it.



Hollywood: The Toll Of the Frenzied Forties

ROBERT ARDREY

THE BEST PLAY ever written about Hollywood, *Once in a Lifetime,* came from a couple of Broadway provincials, George Kaufman and Moss Hart, who had never at the time been closer to Sunset Boulevard than East Liverpool, Ohio. And the first thoroughly convincing, comprehensive, in-and-out all-weather analysis of Hollywood's future that I ever encountered came to me almost ten years ago one Fourth of July in San Antonio, Texas, from a college boy who had never been nearer Broadway or Hollywood than the north bank of the Brazos.

Frank Duane is a bright young playwright around New York now; at that time he truly had youth on his side, and moreover was accustomed to the climate. He outlined with care the long future of American films, in terms of the impact of television. I listened enchanted. When I returned to the Coast a few days later I told Frank's tale around to various astonished friends in the industry. We all agreed that my young friend had something, and promptly went back to whatever it was we had been doing.

Duane's thesis was quite simple. As he saw it, television would draw the mass audience away from motion pictures. Perhaps five out of six American theaters would close. Major studios, dependent on mass production to pay the overhead, would vanish. With the collapse of the theaters and the studios would come the end of present centralized systems of distribution and financing. All this was fairly obvious. What was enchanting in Frank's analysis, what made one forget the Texas heat and the chiggers, was his conclusion that the flight of the mass audience to television would sweep with it most of the inhibiting forces that emasculate American films.

Censorship would lessen; for censors are, in the end, concerned only with their guardianship of the great public. Exhibitors—who, Joe Mankiewicz once said, should return to their proper calling of scraping up chewing gum from theater carpets—would be reduced to a force of manageable proportions. The "money"—that vast New York thing which exercises such iron control on the

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major studios—would lose interest in an activity of smaller proportions and smaller stakes; the financial influence on films would come more to resemble that in the theater, where we customarily send the backer out for sandwiches. Increasingly comparable to the theater would be the role of the producer, an independent making two or three films a year, whose activity would be guided by what stories he had to tell rather than by what commitments he had to fulfill. There would still be some two thousand theaters—a lot of theaters—scattered across the land, and still in existence an enormous audience by anybody's standards. But the burden of bigness would have been removed from the daydreams of Hollywood's creative people, and an industry might at last turn into an art.

It was a magnificent vision—young, spacious, perhaps a little rosy—but basically sound. Ten years later I can pick no quarrel with it, and if Hollywood today were suffering from troubles no more serious than collapsing studios, guillotined executives, berserk stockholders, and panic in the streets, then I'd say that all was proceeding in the most splendid and orderly fashion. But unfortunately there are other troubles, and a college boy in Texas, in the hot shade of a mesquite tree ten years ago, may perhaps be forgiven if he did not foresee them.

The Second Crisis

The motion-picture industry has gone through two great periods of shakedown. In the early 1930's, as we have seen ["Hollywood's Fall into Virtue," *The Reporter,* February 21], moral conformity struck down the wild, wicked, legendary Hollywood of the 1920's. The industry's self-regulating facility, the Code, saw to it that in the future no screen sinner would escape unpunished. Studio supervison invaded the private lives of the hired help and saw to it that more lively sin, if it could not be entirely suppressed, would at least receive the minimum of publicity. Everything was done to meet the demands of an aroused public. The adult public responded by staying away from the theaters in growing numbers.

The second great crisis in the history of Hollywood's iniquity occurred in the late 1940's. This time it was the political waywardness of certain members of the Hollywood community that brought out the threats of various religious and veterans' groups. The industry responded as it had before, by siding with the pickets against its own members. The blacklist appeared. The morals clause in contracts was interpreted to include political depravity as an offense for which a contract might be broken. When, after several years of purges, the American Legion was still dissatisfied with the community's political purity, the industry graciously stepped aside and allowed its accused members to attempt to settle their individual accounts with the Legion's judges, with the understanding that to fail was to be fired.

I am not one of those who pretend to know what the public wants. It seems doubtful to me that what the American adult wanted in the 1930's was indeed more statutory rape, more manslaughter, and more paternity suits—and in the 1940's more Communists. I am sure that it is an unfortunate coincidence, and no more, that the final catastrophic decline of the Hollywood box office corresponded so exactly to the period of the blacklist. But what must be apparent is that moral and political conformity, both executed frankly in the interests of the box office, have had a variety of effects on Hollywood, not among them the saving of the box office.

Whether or not anybody in the early 1930's anticipated the effects of moral conformity on the creative spirit I don't know, because I wasn't there then. I am sure that in the atmosphere of that period it was as difficult to plead the case of wickedness as later, in the climate of political dissent. But there were certainly those in 1947, at the time of Representative J. Parnell Thomas (R., New Jersey), who saw with some clarity the rubber-stamp marks on the wall. That year's political wars gave Hollywood its most interesting season since Fatty Arbuckle was in his prime.

ALTHOUGH I was an established screenwriter, in 1947 I was a newcomer to the Hollywood community. This put me in the position of being a clean, attractive target without any holes in it. Also, I was that rarest of birds in the Hollywood aviary, a liberal who had never given a nickel to a Communist cause. While my new neighbors, suffering perhaps from swimming-pool guilt during the depression years, had been contributing generously to a wide variety of needy lettuce pickers and Spanish Loyalists and other premature anti-fascists, I had been confining my contributions to a string of hamburger stands in the Middle West. Abject poverty (some say innate stinginess) has presented me with a political record beyond House Un-American Activities Committee reproach.

This was the season when friendly witness after friendly witness appeared in Washington before Congressman Thomas's committee. Reputations rolled about like undergrade oranges. For the studio executive, frenzy became the normal office atmosphere.

Stirring Times

No studio was harder hit than Warner Brothers. One lunchtime there, after a morning devoted exclusively to listening to the radio, Jack Warner is reputed to have rushed screaming into the Green Room. Someone in Washington had worked over virtually his entire contract list. He ran wildly about, jabbing his thumbs at his lunching help. "I can do without you!" he yelled. "And you! And you! I can do without you!" He came to Jerry Wald, who at that time was producing a good half of all the Warner Brothers films. "I can almost do without you!" he screamed.

It was a lively time. Opinions were still being exchanged freely on all sides, frankly and at the top of the voice. Cocktail parties were deafening, dinner parties a caution. The floor in any meeting of the Screen Writers Guild was a mass of combatants cheerfully assassinating each other's characters and impugning each other's political ancestry.

One fought on many fronts. I was a member of a non-Communist group, the Committee for the First Amendment, that raised almost fifty thousand dollars in a matter of days and flew off to Washington to protest the Congressional attack on the entire Hollywood community, and got into enough trouble to last some for the

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rest of their careers. I was a member of another group within the Screen Writers Guild fighting at the same time to break the power of the Communist faction within the Guild. We won and took complete control. Immediately we were confronted by the industry's announcement of the blacklist, and so we fought that too.

Until the coming of the blacklist a more or less united community had been defending itself. I know of only one studio head who favored the blacklist before its actual adoption. The new policy was dictated in New York, at the famous Waldorf meeting, by the studios' New York ownership. Accepted, it turned the industry against its own members.

WITHIN our group of twenty-odd writers who had taken control of the Guild, there was little division of opinion. We were all anti-Communist, all liberals, all fairly invulnerable to attack, and all convinced that the principle of the blacklist held an ultimate threat against all nonconformist opinion. In our year's tenure of office we finished off, on the one hand, any threat to the Guild from its Communist bloc, and on the other we launched a suit against the studios through Thurman Arnold's law office in Washington. It sought to restrain any group of corporations from setting up a private court for the judgment of citizens, and from enforcing the decisions of that court through the police power of monopoly.

It was an excellent suit, but its support was scarcely unanimous. The Communist bloc, preferring the blacklist to litigation they didn't control, fought against the Arnold suit to the last. Meetings dragged on into meetings. When we raised money by private subscription to carry the suit some day as far as the Supreme Court if necessary, they boycotted the campaign. In the course of the single year I attended more than a hundred night meetings. Few broke up before one in the morning. On one rare night I found myself, a little stunned, standing in Hollywood Boulevard at ten-thirty. It seemed like noon. Near me stood a fellow board member looking dubious.

"What about a drink?" he said.

"A drink?" I was appalled. "Stop and have a drink when I've got a chance to go home at ten-thirty? Don't you want to go home?"

"I don't think I'd better," he said. He shook his head. "No. If I come home at ten-thirty, my wife's going to think I wasn't at a Guild meeting at all."

The Unpressed Suit

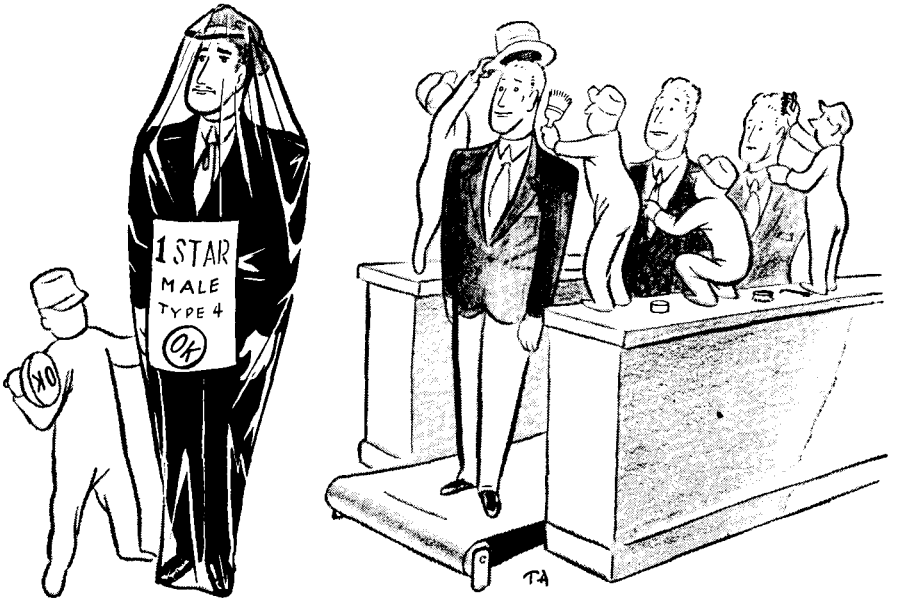
That was 1947, several years before the Senator from Wisconsin came to more than local attention. We had anticipated rather well the drift of things. But what we had not anticipated was what would happen to ourselves. When the Arnold suit at last reached the Federal court in New York, more than five years later, the 1947 board—plaintiffs in the suit—met with the current board. There was deep concern regarding the wisdom of pursuing the suit.

By now much had changed. What had been a scandal in Babylon was now a nation's. Instruments of assassination sharpened on movie necks had become household hardware. In every studio in Hollywood, the "security officer" had been added to the imposing list of higher executives. One was not supposed to laugh. Neither, when one received a list of "charges" from a studio, was one supposed to point out that the blacklist had come to have but the most remote connection with Communism. I received such a list, from a studio. It contained ten counts. One referred to a play that I had had produced in the 1930's by the Group Theater. One brought up my membership in the Committee for the First Amendment. Four charged me with having been a director of the Screen Writers Guild, and four more with having been a charter member of Americans for Democratic Action.

This was—and is—the stuff of which blacklisting, as practiced in the entertainment industry, was and is made. And so in 1952 we all met with Thurman Arnold to consider what should be done about a suit brought by time-tested non-Communist plaintiffs, a suit that had taken five long years to come to court and yet had arrived at the precise hour when it could do the most good.

Only three or four of the original plaintiffs spoke in favor of pursuing the suit. There was some discussion of the poor effect that litigation would have on the Guild's public relations. The current board voted unanimously to drop it in exchange for a statement from the Motion Picture Producers Association that there never had been a blacklist.

I knew all the personal vulnerabilities that went into the vote. It took little imagination to see the new wave of investigations, headlines, and crushed careers that such a suit might bring on. I realized that it was asking a lot of twenty-two professional screen writers to take such an action in a time when only one Democrat in the Senate had allowed the record to state his opposition to a McCarthy appropriation. Worse, I knew that my own role as a passionate advocate of the Arnold suit was something far less than heroic, for I was a part-time



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screen writer with other fields to turn to, and there was the accident of my political invulnerability. Even so, I have never attended another Guild meeting.

The Corporate Star

Peck's Bad Boy has come a long way. The wild, wicked Hollywood of the 1920's, arrogant, uninhibited, creative, as vital as a jungle plant, shocked and galvanized the earth's multitudes. It will never be forgotten. But the untamed Hollywood of the 1920's became the domesticated Hollywood of the 1930's, going to church, living in seclusion, taking the children to school, and giving money to causes that would cause it further grief. Out of further cataclysms of reform has come the star of today, the star in the gray flannel suit. He is a corporation. His lawyers, his business manager, his agents, his public-relations man combine to choose his roles. He is arranged like a window at Lord & Taylor or a bunch of flowers. If he has passions, he pours them into Texas oil wells, or the ranch in Mexico; if he has instincts, he suppresses them, for they have brought him nothing but trouble. He is apolitical, like a sunset; mildly antiseptic, like boric acid; and nonmoral, like a dishpan.

It has taken a deal of trouble, and a throbbing myriad of executive headaches, to produce this figure from the unlikely ancestry of Valentino and Chaplin. One must admire not only the ceaseless application which the motion-picture industry has devoted to the problem of its own self-destruction; one must also appreciate the speed with which the job had been done. Lysenko himself would be amazed at a genetics experiment that by the mere force of environment could produce such staleness in little over a generation. Finally, one must give all tribute to these giants of public relations who against all odds are achieving the bankruptcy of an industry in a period as unlikely as this.

Pressures to Give In To

Perhaps by confining this discussion to the effects of moral and political pressures, I have made the industry's achievement seem more heroic than in fact it has been. Actually, the public-relations brains of the industry have been confronted by a far richer variety of pressures to give in to. I am reminded of Joe Breen, in an office at R.K.O. back in 1940, listening to an airplane passing through the then smogless California sky, and how he said, rather wistfully: "Every time I hear a plane, I wonder if it's bringing a delegation from Memphis, Tennessee, to protest unnecessary references to silk as a symbol of success in Hollywood films."

Organized labor, as well as organized industry, organized religion, and organized minorities, have each contributed their bit to the public-relations man's opportunities. Watch yourself with the characterization of a waitress; there's a waitresses' union that's sensitive. While it's all right to make a religious figure athletic—in fact it's to be encouraged—any other human attributes will just make trouble. Keep the heavy a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant American: Negroes, Mexicans, coal-miners, Jews, Poles, Catholics, veterans, and virtually all others are out.

In one of my more recent films, "The Power and the Prize," I allowed the villain of the piece, played by Burl Ives, to say of the English in a genial mood: "They're a race of swindlers. They invented swindling. They perfected swindling. Then the super-swindlers, they even made swindling socially acceptable." In my simplicity, I assumed that the British in these times would be grateful for any crumb of praise. But the Hollywood trade press was shocked, and uniformly commented on the tastelessness of the line. Not even an American villain, out to swindle the English, should be allowed to say something which might conceivably hurt the British market.

How far the public-relations mind can go, in its unceasing quest for pressures to give in to, can be demonstrated by a Hollywood taboo of which few are conscious. The rich dramatic material of the American Revolution remains all but untapped. Who has ridden with Paul Revere, or stood with the embattled farmers at a New England bridge? Who has lived through that winter at Valley Forge, or witnessed the writing of the Declaration of Independence? Who has heard the Liberty Bell toll out, or met General Washington at the nadir of his despair, or had a glimpse of Franklin, Jefferson, or the hot Patrick Henry? Scenes remain unmade, stories untold, for fear—for the single fear—of offending British sensibilities.

Pioneering Conformity

Hollywood has pioneered many of our most cherished institutions, and for these blessings we should be grateful: the California ranch house, the outdoor barbecue, House committees investigating un-Americanism, the use of sports cars, the hanging open of the mouth when a woman has her picture taken. Hollywood pioneered conformity when Madison Avenue was still a street of small shops. Now it pioneers bankruptcy while Dow Jones industrials press 500. Perhaps what motion pictures have pioneered most skillfully has been the creative role of the public-relations man in any walk of life, and the immense benefits to be gained, eventually, by those who listen to his sage counsels.

What will happen to American films? I don't know. There are those who believe that when eight out of nine motion-picture theaters in the United States have failed, and when the vast distributing organizations have gone bankrupt for lack of outlets, and when the last great traditional Hollywood studio has become a rental (or parking) lot, and when the last of the present generation of corporate stars has demonstrated through successive disasters that his presence in a film is worth something less than fifty per cent of the profits, then perhaps the few remaining independent film makers, harried by creditors, cornered, driven to the most desperate of measures, will turn to the making of better pictures. I find this view a little cynical.

Wisdom from Miss Stein

All, in truth, that I do know is what has already happened. And what has happened, oddly enough, was best summed up for me by a lady visiting Chicago more than twenty years ago, when what has happened had scarcely begun to happen. This was deep in the unlovely period of my apprentice writing. I had had the grievous misfortune, some years earlier, of committing my apprenticeship into

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the hands of Thornton Wilder, who was a hard master and who treated my most inspired efforts as if they were obscene outrages to be hidden promptly from public view. Onto this dreary scene come Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, fresh from the West Coast in the midst of an American tour. I was commandeered, on several occasions, to make a fourth, with the strict provision that I should keep my mouth shut except to eat.

On one of these occasions to which Miss Toklas and I added decoration, Miss Stein talked about films. Her visit to America had coincided, not without cheerful forethought, with the very peak of the Stein craze. Wherever she had gone, she had been lionized mightily, and nowhere so mightily as in Hollywood.

At one stupendous party, at somebody's house, there had been nothing but the great as far as the eye could see. Sitting cross-legged on the floor at her feet, they had reveled for hours in the Stein wisdom. And then there had come a little pause in the questions, and a little silence, and Miss Stein had given one of her happy little laughs.

"Oh, I know what you want to ask me!" she said. "You want to know how I get my publicity."

At this there came an enormous laugh, because it was indeed a question that had been on not a few minds. The laugh was followed by a very real silence, for this was serious business, and there were those who wanted to know.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," said Miss Stein, in her most pleasant grandmotherly fashion. She lacked only a rocking chair. "You see, I write to please myself. I write to please no one in the world but myself, and so I please myself completely. And in doing that, I please a few others completely. I please them so completely that each one goes out the door and becomes my messenger. What you try to do is to please everybody. And this is a very great mistake. Because, you see, nobody can please everybody. And when you try to please everybody, you end up by pleasing nobody, not completely. And so you don't have any messengers. And you have to hire your publicity, and that isn't the same."

The Iconoclast Of Petal, Mississippi

ALBERT VORSPAN

MISSISSIPPI is the home of the white Citizens' Councils, the first having sprung up in Indianola two months after the Supreme Court's first decision on school desegregation. There are now more than three hundred in Mississippi alone. However, in Forrest County, in the south-central part of the state, the local Council is still trying to get off the ground. One reason for that is P. D. East.

At thirty-five, East is the editor of the *Petal Paper*, a weekly that circulates in the towns of Petal and Hattiesburg. The *Petal Paper* is an unpretentious newspaper, usually of four pages, for which East does all the writing and his wife does the art work. Circulation was pushing two thousand, but for reasons that will quickly become obvious, it is now nosing down. Both friends and enemies of East agree that the *Petal Paper* is a remarkable publication. Hodding Carter, distinguished Mississippi editor, has predicted that East will either win a Pulitzer Prize or be run out of town on a rail.

While neither of these calamities has yet befallen him, either would be a tribute to his powers of ridicule and his ability to make some of his fellow Mississippians laugh at themselves—or blow their tops at East.

THE DEEP SOUTH today has become a kind of arsenal. Everybody seems to have some type of weapon. The Negroes in Montgomery use love and passive resistance; the white Citizens' Councils use economic pressures; some people use dynamite. P. D. (his name, not his initials) uses laughter. In March, 1956, for example, on learning of plans to launch a Council in Forrest County, he threw out an anti-Council editorial he had written and hastily made up the full-page ad reproduced on page 35.

A kind of mushroom cloud hung over the community for several days. East's telephone began jumping. There were threats, cancellations of subscriptions and advertising, and some blistering letters. Carter wrote P. D., "I hope you leave a forwarding address," and William Faulkner wanted to know whether East had found any dead cats on his front porch. Requests for reprints poured in from the rest of Mississippi as well as from thirty-seven other states and three foreign countries.

Some Mississippians are currently engaged in a campaign to mend the tattered reputation of their state. Many automobiles carry tags that read: MISSISSIPPI, THE MOST LIED ABOUT STATE IN THE NATION. Said the *Petal Paper* in its January 10, 1957, issue: "We agree with the tags. Unfortunately, the lies are not necessarily being told by persons out of the state."

P. D. is a native Mississippian, educated in the schools of the state except for a brief stay at the University of Alabama. He has a deep affection for Mississippi, its rolling hills and green beauty. "I love my child, too," he says, "but sometimes I have to spank her. Same way with my state, only I spank her with laughter. I figure if you can make a body laugh at himself, you can make some progress. Besides, I don't give Mississippi any hell that is undeserved."

In an age of conformity, and in a section of the country where not to conform is tantamount to putting your head to the muzzle of a loaded cannon, East is an iconoclast. A deeply religious man privately, he tells his Bible Belt readers with no trace of apology that he has no use for going to church. He tells his chauvinistic neighbors that the time has come for Mississippi to return to the Union and for Mississippians to rejoin the human race. In bone-dry Mississippi, the *Petal Paper* proclaims editorially: LIKE WOMEN AND

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POKER, THAT BOOZE IS HERE TO STAY, and explains the position this way: "It was forty-three hundred and three years ago that Noah finished unpacking the Ark. Almost the first act he performed was to plant a vineyard, from which he made wine and got good and skunked. And since that time his descendants have pretty well followed in his path, at any rate, relative to getting skunked . . ." And he concludes: "If enough of the church-going, dry-voting, wet-drinking folks find it difficult to get hold of booze, they will vote wet."

Unpleasant Reminders

But it is East's views on the racial question that really set him apart and for which he pays a heavy price in advertising and subscription cancellations and, to some extent, in social ostracism. Not that he is a crusader; he finds the very suggestion presumptuous and distasteful. Nor does he regard himself as a latter-day Moses come to lead the Negro race out of bondage and into the white schools. He is not much concerned with integration, which to him is a secondary issue. The basic issue, in East's view, is whether Mississippi and the rest of the Deep South, in a desperate effort to avoid dealing with the racial problem, will rip out the entire structure of Constitutional democracy as we understand it. "A revolution is whistling through Dixie," P. D. believes, "and we can either get on the bandwagon—or get run over by it. That's the choice."

East has not endeared himself to his compatriots with his incessant reminders of the lot of the Mississippi Negro. For example, he published a picture of a new white school alongside a picture of a frightfully dilapidated Negro school and asked his readers to guess which was which. When a local politician made a grandstand play and ordered Negro teachers out of an interracial meeting to which they had been invited by the whites to discuss mutual problems, East roasted his hide in print. (He believes that most white people shared his revulsion, as evidenced by the man's failure to win re-election.) When a Negro leader, Dr. Benjamin Mays, president of Morehouse College, delivered a powerful speech to the Southern Historical Association, P. D. published it in full with his blessing "as one of the most brilliant pieces I've had the opportunity to read anywhere." But, first and foremost, East never stops pleading for some bridges to establish communication between whites and Negroes in Mississippi so that they can "sit down as human beings with mutual problems and with mutual respect to begin to work out differences."

East on Eastland

East pours a boundless scorn on the "professional Southerner," the cheap Mississippi politician who thinks the way to election is by yelling "Nigger!" the loudest, the Mississippi Legislature ("The Lord and the Constitution of the United States giveth, and the Legislature of Mississippi taketh away"), and on those Southerners who "use everything we have, except our brains." East has an especially soft spot in his heart for Senator James O. Eastland, senior Senator of the state, to whom he refers, familiarly, as "Our Gem." In the May 31, 1956, edition, the *Petal Paper*, under a heading OUR GEM, HE'S REAL GONE, MAN, REAL GONE—NOW AIN'T HE A REAL COOL CAT, MAN, offered this unsolicited testimonial to Eastland:

". . . In addition to his character, his integrity, his principles, 'Our Gem' is not only intelligent in the usual manner, but he's sharp as a tack in other ways, Jackson. Example: At Doddsville, Mississippi, 'Our Gem' has a small cotton patch, composed of something like 5,020 acres. And in the United States Senate, who has been the strongest fighter for the cotton farmer? Of course, our very own cool cat . . . And down on the Gulf Coast a few years ago there came up the question of expanding industry in Mississippi, and 'Our Gem' told an acquaintance of ours that Mississippi needed industry like a hole in his head. (And get the coolness of what follows.) How, he asked, can you keep labor on the farm at a dollar a day with industry moving in and offering them a dollar an hour? Do you see what we mean? Ain't he a real cool cat, Jackson?"

East is a gadfly, and he can sting the conscience. Here is a statement in an issue a week before an election: "Forrest County has 12,000 Negroes, all citizens of the United States, but their citizenship expires at 7:30 P.M. next Thursday." Or on the fact that most clergymen in the area are followers and not leaders: "I am curious to know which minister is going to bless the organizational meeting of the Citizens Clan next Thursday night." When some Negroes were pushed around on the streets of Hattiesburg, East announced the formation of "The Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau," and summoned to the colors all who wish "to strike a blow for the sweet magnolia." Few of his needles drew blood so quickly as a playful fantasy he wrote about heaven ("At the Gate, One Keeper—Two Gates?"), which concluded with this thought:

"For just a moment let's consider the possibility of the fact that in Heaven there is no Jim Crow law, no segregation, and one lives on a certain street, in accordance with the size of his halo. What then? Maybe some of us had better begin to get used to the idea . . . possibly? Still, on the other hand, from what we've seen from time to time there is no use in worrying about it at all . . . it's likely to be thumbs down just when we tell St. Peter we're from Mississippi."

East has run off a few hundred thousand words on his weary Underwood during the past three years, but he has enjoyed few columns as much as that in which he kicked off the campaign to change the state symbol from the magnolia to the crawfish. What commended the crawfish to him as a likely symbol for Mississippi is the crawfish's tendency to move backward. "This state is on the threshold of its greatest movement—and, as we have said, there are some who want to travel uphill, straight ahead—and, of course, they must be dealt with before we can hoist the crawfish symbol. . . . Our sagacious leaders are showing us how; they are leading the way. Their aim is to protect us from those crawfish who haven't the intelligence to move backward . . ."

MANY people are amazed that East has not been "stomped" yet—including East, who thinks that since he hasn't had his brains

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knocked out yet, it is not likely to happen. One day, when he had to stop his car for a light, a red-faced man walked up to his car and demanded: "Git outta that car, so's I can mop the street with you." East replied: "Sorry, pal, that ain't enough inducement," and drove away. Another time, a stranger stormed into his office, obviously spoiling for a fight. East was, as usual, slouched in his chair, tormenting the typewriter. When he rose, stretching his six-foot-two, 220-pound frame, the visitor muttered something irrelevant and departed.

Definition of a Journalist

But East has felt the pinch of economic pressure, which is hardly calculated to ease his ulcer or to slow the advancing gray that already sprinkles his sandy hair. An organized campaign, stepped up the last few months, has cut heavily into circulation and advertising, and the paper is in a precarious situation. Not long ago, a local businessman refused to advertise in the *Petal Paper* because, as it was reported to East, "Things in your editorials didn't set well with him." East erupted editorially on "Freedom of the Press—And the Mighty Buck!" Rejecting any effort to control his ideas through financial pressure, he wrote: "We believe that keeping facts or ideas from citizens to be a crime. We believe that any person who calls himself a newspaperman should never permit anyone, for any reason, to keep him from presenting the truth or at any rate, the truth as he sees it.

"So with the help of God, and to this we swear, as long as we can keep our head above water, we will print what we please in this paper, in so long as we believe it to be right, fair, or true. And if the time should come that to keep our head above water means to submit to pressure of any kind, then we will go under without hesitation, and at least with a clear conscience. In the meantime, however, we have only six words to say to those who would attempt to put economic pressure on us; the words are: GO TO HELL IN A BUCKET!"

WHY does East write these things? "Damn it," he said recently, "I'm not a hero, and I don't want to be one. I'm just a country editor. But I can't look the other way when the most important issue of my life hits me smack in the face. I think God made us for a purpose, not for the hell of it. I do it because of necessity.

"There are lots of white people who think the way I do, right here in Mississippi and other places in the South, but they are afraid to open their mouths. But when they get my paper and take it into their homes and draw the blinds and sit there by themselves, they read the paper and, well, they know they aren't alone."

And what if the pressure gets too strong and the paper goes under?

"The tragedy would not be mine, but Mississippi's. I could run a profitable paper if I would run under their flag. But I have to live with myself. The tragedy would not be in what is done to me. It is what we are doing to ourselves. We just can't go on denying basic rights to some people and reserving them to ourselves. It may work for a time, but after a while it's got to catch up with us.

"Anyway," he says, brightening, "I have no intention of going under. I wouldn't give them the satisfaction. Besides, I'm having too much fun."

Suh,

Here's Sweet MUSIC!

Yes, YOU too, can be

SUPERIOR

Join The Glorious Citizens Clan

Next Thursday Night!

What? Worried about being socially acceptable?

Learning to play the piano by ear? Taking dancing lessons? Using the right toothpaste?

Possibly taking a course in public speaking? Want to be the life of the party? No need to worry anymore! The grand opportunity now awaits you!

Join The CITIZENS CLAN and BE SAFE From SOCIAL WORRIES

(Absolutely No Coupons Are Needed)

BE SUPER-SUPERIOR

Compare These 10 Freedoms with other Old Fashioned Offers

- Freedom to interprete the Constitution of the United States to your own personal advantage!
- Freedom to hunt "Blackbirds" with no bag limit, and without fear of prosecution! (To date no member of the Clan has been convicted for killing a nigger)
- Freedom to sit on a jury in behalf of your fellow members!
- Freedom from worry and fear if you happen to sit before a jury!
- Freedom to exercise a great Southern privilege: TO EXERT ECONOMIC PRESSURE!
- Freedom from fear of having economic pressure exerted against you!
- Freedom to yell "Nigger" as much as you please without your conscience bothering you!
- Freedom to wonder who is pocketing the five dollars you pay to join!
- Freedom to take a profitable part in the South's fastest growing business: Bigotry!
- FREEDOM TO BE SUPERIOR WITHOUT BRAIN, CHARACTER, OR PRINCIPLE!

(Many Other Freedoms, Too... Only A Few Listed Above)

- - This Wonderful Offer Open To White Folk Only - -

Other Items To Keep In Mind

Remember:	No Niggers allowed! (Not even "good" Niggers can join this SUPERIOR Clan.)	Remember:	Not to join could mean you're a Nigger Lover!
Remember:	You, too, can be SUPER SUPERIOR!	Remember:	The Time: 7:30 P. M., Thursday, March 22nd
Remember:	For only five dollars, GUARANTEED SUPERIORITY!	Remember:	The Clan needs YOU—But most of all, YOU may need the Clan!

This Page in Behalf of Liberalism, Fairness and Progress Donated By:...

The Petal Paper

East's Reaction to the Citizens' Councils

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Excerpts From an Indian Journal—I

CHRISTINE WESTON

NEW DELHI

WAKING at dawn, I hear the jackals that come into the city and howl in Nehru Park, and this morning I heard a man howling back at them in a grotesque parody of Orpheus supplicating Cerberus for his lost Eurydice. The past is a slammed door, and the mind clings like a lizard to the visible façade. Simpler, if no more rewarding, to speculate on the fate of these thin-chested Indians pedaling to and from their work, from the impoverished cupboardlike holes in which they live to the dreary caves in which they work. All look alike, dress alike in the makeshift fashion of the West—trousers, sleeveless sweater, jacket, tieless shirt, with perhaps a scarf wrapped around the ears when the day is cold. There is a brooding, suppressed vitality in their eyes; one feels that the margin between normal well-being and the inertia of debility is not very wide—a vegetarian build, their arms might snap like carrots if they fell. But a sensual lot at that. Boredom makes them so, and the emotional atrophy of their creed. The past has them bricked in as the Moslems bricked in the sons of the guru who refused to change their faith. The boys, I'm told, allowed themselves to die like that, steadfast as martyrs must be. One imagines them standing upright, bound hand and foot, their young black hair heaped on their heads and held with the iron comb, their terrified eyes disappearing at last behind the inexorably mounting bricks.

This is with few exceptions a god-besotted society, which makes saints out of its politicians and coats reality in the plaster of myth. Must religion and myth have their roots always in poverty that pins reason down to hope—the blinder the better? One remembers the Irish, the Italians, the French, the Spanish. Only the French appear to have rationalized dogma into a workable exercise for the intellect, as the English have also. But in India the gods coil around you like boa constrictors. "Under all our much-vaunted spirituality," remarked Govind, an Indian writer, to me one day, "streams a ductile tide of sensuality, and of the worst sort." And one is grateful for this critic who rekindles one's respect for his kind in a single trenchant stroke.

'So Simple'

Picture a flight of cement stairs mounting between curving whitewashed walls, and a door that gives onto a sort of open patio furnished with a string *charpoy* and three stiff-backed chairs arranged against one wall, and on the *charpoy* a cloth spread with red chilies drying in the sun. On one side of the patio is my friend Usha's flat of four rooms, one of which I occupy. It overlooks the street and a tree where a myna bird lives. On the other side a narrow passage leads to a murky kitchen, and adjoining the kitchen is a washroom with a basin and a shower. There is no hot water; one bathes out of a brass bucket, using a *lotah* to pour the water on oneself. After bathing, one empties the bucket and the water runs off down a drain and out of sight. Next to the washroom is the w.c.—windowless and unventilated, but one gets used to it.

A family of alley cats has taken up residence at one end of the passage in the midst of a dreadful collection of charcoal, old rags, garbage, and empty cans. One has to drive them out of the w.c., where they hibernate during cold days and when it rains, and shoo them out of the kitchen, where they steal the food from under the cook's nose. The passage runs along one side of the house and is guarded by a wooden rail below which lies the courtyard of the bank where Usha has her financial dealings. Since she can rarely be bothered to line up when it is necessary to cash a check, she simply places the check in a basket and lowers it by rope into the courtyard. A grinning messenger takes the check, cashes it, returns to the courtyard, places the money in the basket, and Usha hauls it up hand over hand, murmuring to me over her shoulder: "Life in India is so simple." And so it is.

ON FINE DAYS we eat lunch in the patio and it is pleasant and warm with the clean planes of the walls giving back the light, and a purple bougainvillaea blazing along the wall top. The voices of our neighbors drift upward from adjoining apartments, the bank messengers wrangle in the courtyard below, and kites sometimes swoop out of the open sky and try to snatch the food from our hands. It is all strangely comfortless yet strangely comforting.

I am reminded of Forster's remark that Hindus lack the aesthetic sense. It is not so much a question of bad taste as of no taste at all, a kind of innocence, an inclination to straight lines and lumps and meaninglessness —there is no complication and no subtlety: One takes one's surroundings as they are, or one leaves them. One can, I suspect, pay too much attention to such matters, care too much for what is aesthetically "correct" and become obsessed by questions of "taste." One of the peculiarities of the Indians' tastelessness is that they seem to care as little about their personal comfort as they do about aesthetic values. One seldom finds a comfortable chair, or a light one can read by, or a decent coat hanger, or a mirror that gives back more than a cracked and bleary gleam.

"We Hindus spend lavishly on showy things like carpets and motorcars," says Govind, "but we neither care for nor desire a really civilized

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standard of living. That is a purely western ideal." One feels compelled to defend what Govind condemns. Certainly one can grasp the Indians' aesthetic potential as one watches their art in action, in the dance and the drama, their sense of rhythm and spontaneous genius for color and design. Tagore's *Chitra* was perhaps a little monotonous to sit through for two hours, yet how charming, expressive, and disciplined for an amateur troupe!

THIS IS a layer of experience I have been slow to reach, and I am conscious of restfulness in the disillusionment. In learning to accept things as they are, one discovers an unexpected delight and gratitude for positive values, for Usha's honesty and warmth and wit, for her daughter Lekha's sensitive intelligence, for the fundamental delicacy and decency of both these Hindu women. And if their little house lacks "taste," it does not lack books and intelligent conversation and an obstinate self-respect.

To live in an Indian household is to view the scene from the inside out, an experience uncommon to western writers and artists. The subconscious sense of guilt that colors our vision as representatives of the so-called master race also colors our art. We sentimentalize where we should slap, make the underdog far more romantic than he is, and the villain more a villain than a fool. Critics determined to be fair fall over backward trying to dissociate themselves from everything they find distasteful and unsympathetic in their own country, in their families and their friends, and are too prone to strike the apologetic note instead of the true. But the act of contrition veiled as criticism or art can look pretty superfluous when history peels off the wraps.

Party Conversation

Pouring rain and thunder, and Usha is arranging cups and saucers on the tea table, padding out to the kitchen to see what Krishna the cook is up to. Poor devil, what a harassed life he leads between the cats and Usha and unremitting demands upon his energy and time! One of the tenets of an Indian household seems to be that you never give your servants a moment's respite from their work—a minute wasted is wages gone for nothing, and what sensible employer is going to stand for that?

The guests arrive, Govind the size of a gnat beside his mountain of a wife. Almost immediately he starts to buzz, spitting out words in an increasing paroxysm of excitement, ideas stampeding through his head, tramping on each other, emerging as ideas just the same. He wears a sort of fixed agitated smile even while he is talking, and as he gets more and more worked up he claws at his throat and almost falls out of his chair. It is pessimism from beginning to end. One listens hypnotized to the remorseless dissection of his country, his people, his time, and marvels that he hasn't been taken out and shot for subversion. Of Hindu spirituality—his favorite theme—he declares: "In the first place there is no such thing. When we speak of spirituality we really mean superstition larded with sensuality. That is our greatest vice, more deadly because it is a secret we do not acknowledge even to ourselves."

Of Indian culture: "Ours is the one country in the world that has never had a written history. As for our literature and art, we would not know that it existed if foreigners had not discovered it for us, brought it to light, translated it, given it documentation. And at the same time what is this culture we brag about? A myth-ridden society boasting two ancient epic poems, a way of life illumined neither by ethics nor a significant art. Total dearth of science. The East amounts to nothing. It is washed up. Finished."

He flourishes his little hands, tears at his throat, smiles like a maniac at the dreary vision he holds up for us to see. "Who wants India? The United States? The Russians? Even the English couldn't do anything with us. We can't do anything with ourselves except strike noble postures borrowed from other people. We are totally without importance, I tell you—*totallee!*"

He springs about in his chair; we can almost hear the excitement fizzing up inside him like hot soda water in a bottle. "Technological future for India? Have you watched Indians handle a machine? What do they do with rubber tires? They remove them from their motorcars and put them on bullock carts, or cut them up to sole their shoes. Lend an Indian a camera for twenty-four hours and it is no good afterward. Buy him a vacuum cleaner and in two days it will be rendered useless. You believe we are capable of evolving into an industrialized society like the Japanese? Leave us to our own devices and in five years we will have invented a vehicle wheech weel consist of portions of other vehicles on wheech we weel erect a kind of body like our motor tonga, and we weel use charcoal to run it. We are improvisers, yes. Imitators, yes. But that is all. It is all words with us, *pukka* nonsense, I tell you. All theez and all thatt."

THERE IS little that Govind hasn't read or thought about. He conveys a ferocious conviction like the sting of a scorpion. Listening to him, his fellow Indians come out in welts, and I notice Lekha sitting darkly in her corner knitting a green sweater, the *kumkum* spot between her brows a stigma of suppressed rage. Yet they never challenge him. It is left to me, or to the knotty, angular young American with the

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earnest face and the searching phrases: "But Mr. Govind, you say that this Indian penchant for Russia goes back to the nineteenth century, to the time of the Czars. Yet Communism today and its appeal to young Indians has nothing to do with nineteenth-century Russia.

"Yes, yes, no, no!" sputters Govind in a frenzy of agreement, waving his hands and itching to start all over again. "I say simply that this pro-Communist feeling with us Indians is purely negative, like every other feeling we have. It is not so much a pro-feeling as it is what you might call an anti-anti-feeling—anti-American, anti-British, in short anti-western feeling. It is a feeling which expresses itself negatively in riots and speeches and in nothing else."

He continues unabashed, and the other Indians sink deeper into their unspeaking distress. I long to hear one of them go for Govind, challenge his facts and assumptions, repudiate his views, cry shame on his astounding treason. But they sit hiding behind their spectacles, saying nothing. One after another, we Americans raise our little flags of hope.

"But Mr. Govind, the country has only had a few years to prove itself, and it hasn't done so badly!"

"You think not? Then please tell me what the country has done that is so good. We are riddled with corruption. The Five-Year Plan is a flop. All this talk of our great dams and irrigation schemes . . . even if they should materialize, so will the increase of population, and are we building a dam against *that?* We are not. Have we ever evolved anything of national or international significance? Have we initiated social reforms or put into effect those already initiated, or given the world a single thing it did not already have? Is there one jot or iota you can think of that any country in the world wants from *us?* No. We have everything to take and nothing to give."

Down come the flags, one by one.

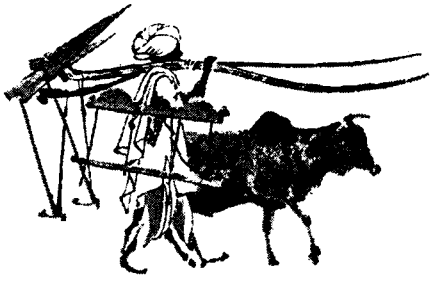
"I am not disturbed by my pessimism because I do not see how I can lose. I believe there is no future for India. We shall be taken over by a stronger power, as we have always been in the past, and that would be the best thing that could happen to us. If it should so happen, I will have been proved in my prognostications. If not, if by some miracle we do emerge as a full-blown national entity with a mind and soul of our own, I shall be equally content."

Final flourish with his hands, and he falls panting into his tea.

The Functionaries

Rao calls up to invite me to dinner, and Usha, knowing I may be out until late, provides me with a padlock weighing about ten pounds and a key with which I am to lock myself out of the apartment and let myself in again without disturbing the household. I realize that these precautions are not really necessary since she will be waiting up for me as usual, curled in a corner of the sofa with her prayer book, her little brown feet peeping under the folds of her sari.

It is pouring as I step out, and the pavement under the arcade is jammed with people. A beggar woman comes up to me and whines for money. She is going to have a child. They think of everything. I remember a friend's remark one day in Bombay: "They spend the nights manufacturing brats and the days begging us to support them." But I give the woman four annas and then find my path blocked by an enormous bull that has wandered into the arcade to get out of the rain. He stands athwart the pavement, a great barrier of flesh and gleaming hide, and it is a question



of going out into the rain or crawling under his belly or over his back. People stand around looking nonplused. It doesn't occur to anyone to drive him out; perhaps he won't be driven. He is sacred, therefore privileged, and quite magnificent.

A youth standing nearby observes mournfully: "It is raining." They look expectantly at my high heels, wondering what I will do. I look at the bull. He is imposing in his unconcern, standing there gazing black-eyed into the gloom. I walk up to him and lean against his great neck and it is like leaning against eternity. I press with all my weight and he turns his head away from me without moving his feet. I squeeze past his horns, and as I come out on the other side he shoots out a great gray tongue and licks my arm. I walk away feeling like a character out of mythology.

At Gaylord's, where I am to meet Rao, I am told by the doorman that he is waiting for me in the balcony, and as I cross the main dining room toward the staircase I am conscious of the concentrated stare of the Indian diners. Two young Sikhs at a nearby table look like details out of an early Mogul miniature—strikingly handsome in tuxedos and pastel turbans, their black beards curled and glossy, features cameo-pure, bred down to the exquisite lines of their race in its early youth.

Rao greets me warmly. His manner is perhaps a little too possessive, the spontaneity breaking through, it seems, in spite of himself. I sit between him and Nair, about whom I have heard numerous stories but whom I have not met before. Rao introduces us and we shake hands. Looking at Nair with his little tassel beard, his thick eyelids and wet pink lower lip, I get a distant impression of villainy. We fall into polite conversation . . .

"Scotch?" asks Rao, and pours me a drink from a full bottle on the table. Rao has a dark little face, rather simian, and very bright eyes and dazzling white teeth. There is nothing flabby about him; he is well put together and clean in his darkness, with a firm, intelligent head and good brows. On the other side of me Nair talks sonorously and his fat little stomach vibrates as though it were being pumped like a harmonium.

THE TALK turns to China, and Nair speaks authoritatively and with enthusiasm of the Communist régime. Though obviously hard as nails, he exudes sentimentality like oil. I search my memory for what I have heard about him; particles come back but won't piece with the

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whole, though I remember that he served in China on some official mission a year or two ago. I get the impression that I am being condescended to, that as a member of a mistrusted race there are a few things it is necessary for me to hear—from him.

While condescending to me, a foreigner and a woman, he defers to Rao, who has power in the government and could help him if he would. I try to assess Rao's reactions but he remains correct and noncommittal and I respect him for it although his attitude begins to irritate me, for Nair strikes me as a storybook character and I would like to see him drawn out. Instead we talk about literature. It appears that in addition to his other accomplishments Nair is an author. He has written prolifically on history and politics—and has published several volumes of poetry.

Rao touches my arm. "What are you laughing at?" I catch something swift and inimical in his black eyes. "Laughing?" I repeat, innocently. "I wasn't laughing."

"You were. It is bad manners," he accuses me in a hard voice, and Nair smiles, looking at us from under his heavy lids with an extraordinary expression of malevolence and benignity.

"Bad American manners," Rao goes on, glaring at me. There are three liqueur glasses of brandy arranged on the table before him, each half filled, and I wonder whether he may be a little bit drunk.

"Nonsense," I say, but he continues to glare.

"Bad chewing-gum manners," he says, and I am aware of his potential cruelty without being impressed by it. "I don't chew gum," I remind him, suspecting that under his correctness and power there are depths of wounded pride—wounded how, where, or when, I can't imagine, but there just the same.

"*All* Americans chew gum," declares Nair with a soft chuckle as though he were mouthing an oyster. "They chew gum and they are afraid of the Russians, and afraid of people who are not afraid of Russians. They are afraid of India. Americans are the most powerful people in the world and they are afraid of everything."

"Why are you so afraid?" Rao demands of me suddenly, grasping my arm. "Why, why don't you all mind your own business and leave us alone?"

I look from one to the other and realize that neither is drunk, but that each in his own way is wrought

up under the strange tensions which overtake Indians at odd moments and for reasons no one can ever properly define.

"Would you like that?" I ask. "Would you really like to have us leave you alone—withdraw our economic aid, our representatives, forbid our nationals to come anywhere near you—prevent yours from coming to us? The hell you would. You'd be the first to feel insulted, the first to squawk."

Both start to hiss at me, and I listen with the detachment one feels only when emotionally secure. The West, they tell me, is their natural enemy. Why natural? Because invasion has always come from the sea, never from the mountains. "The Dutch, the Portuguese, the French, the British, all have invaded our country from the sea, from the west. Next it will be the Americans."

"Aren't you forgetting Alexander the Great?" I say blandly. "And the Moguls who toppled your temples and built mosques and monuments out of the ruins? And aren't you forgetting the Japanese who camped on your borders during the last war? And today the Russians with their jet transport planes and their touching friendship with the Pathans beyond Kashmir?"

Both men shake with excitement and rage. Nair says with a kind of sensuous vindictiveness: "Why should we fear Russia, China Tibet? History has no precedent of India's having suffered from them. We are the same kind of people. We feel sympathy."

"Nobody's stopping you," I reply.

"You are trying to stop us," Nair says, but the thought seems to give him a kind of pleasure, for he slumps contentedly down in his seat and his stomach rises from under his vest in a small mound, the burial place of untold riches, as he smiles at me complacently. "You are trying to stop us, but you will not succeed. We will defend our country. We will defend ourselves."

I could see him defending his country, grabbing everything he could lay his hands on and scuttling off to Biarritz. Rao pours me another drink and I notice that his hands tremble. "What's it all about?" I ask him, and he pulls a face, rolling his eyes like a monkey. "Nothing," he says at last. "It is about nothing. Here are the *kawabs*—or would you rather have prawns?"

I CHOOSE the *kawabs*. They are red-hot and delicious, and it is only when I've eaten three of them that I realize this is just the beginning of the meal and that there are three courses ahead of me. Nair begins a long dithyramb on intramural questions unfamiliar to me, and under the businesslike externals I think I detect a note of anxiety, the hint of cringing, and I hope that Rao is getting some satisfaction out of whatever situation might be in the making between them, some consolation for whatever slights he may have had to suffer in the past. And I reflect on this phenomenon of personal power and what an intoxicant it must be to men who have always wanted it and never had it—the power to dispense favors or to withhold them, the power to inflict punishment and topple another's pride. . .

As the meal progresses the conversation once again becomes amiable and Nair informs us plaintively what a trial it is that he should be five times disturbed at his prayers. "During the course of one day—five times!" He holds up the five fingers of his hand. "By busybodies and Jacks-in-office after me to do things for them!"

I look at him with fresh interest;

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So he prays, and writes poems. I decide that I would like to know him better, then wonder—would I?

IN THIS palace atmosphere, favorites come and go, and Rao probably has his enemies. One can only guess at the legerdemain, the skillful balancing of one force against another, by which a man, once in the saddle, succeeds in staying there. And in parenthesis I ask myself how to explain Rao's liking for me. I recall Usha's remark: "Our Indian men think it great feather in cap to be seen with white women!" I feel there is something more complex and profound, something of which I have become increasingly conscious since my return to the country. I feel in these Indians a kind of emotional starvation which cannot be due to a mere lack of sexual opportunity. One suspects that it springs from a frustration due to the social inequality of the sexes, from a distortion of the human equation and a consequent chronic ennui.

Dinner over, we say good-night to Nair, and Rao drives me home to Usha's flat. He is suddenly, inexplicably gay, even mischievous. "Tell me," he asks, "you think I am very wicked, isn't it?"

"I know you are," I answer, and he gives a delighted laugh. "Yes, I am very wicked and very pro-woman."

We sit for a moment in the parked car beside the curb. The shop windows along the arcade are shut and the iron grilles drawn against their windows. A solitary tonga rattles past us in the rain and the bull that had blocked my path earlier in the evening suddenly appears and strolls majestically across the street into the shelter of the farther arcade.

I SAY good-night to Rao, then climb the stairs to the flat and turn the key in that cumbersome lock and let myself in with a great sense of relief. As I expected, there is Usha curled up on the sofa, a tumbled bundle of muslin and brown peeping feet. "I was worried," she tells me, and stretches, jingling her bangles. "I am always worried when it is late and you or Lekha do not come home."

(This is the first of a series of articles on India by Miss Weston.)

Mr. Bing And the 'Ring'

PAUL HENRY LANG

WHEN Rudolf Bing took over in 1950 as top executive at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, a manager of rather unusual qualities took the helm of America's premier lyric theater. He was neither a stony-faced autocrat like Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who ran a court opera for millionaires, nor a singer turned opera director like Edward Johnson —who gently steered the establishment by relying on its momentum. Mr. Bing is an amiable and cultivated Viennese gentleman who likes music and the theater and eventually joined the business.

This does not imply amateurism; Mr. Bing acquired a good deal of experience in responsible managerial posts in Europe. It does, however, imply a certain idealism and personal taste not commonly found in managers. Since he is a great devotee of Italian opera in general and of Verdi in particular, it was not surprising that heavy German fare like Wagner was not to his liking, and he has never made any bones about the fact.

Economics, Logistics, Heft

Nor was Mr. Bing's dislike of Wagner merely the caprice of a fastidious Viennese; for the past couple of generations the world has been tiring of the German musical messiah. It took a Flagstad to fill the Met with paying customers for *The Ring of the Nibelung.*

Wagner is an expensive composer. The orchestra of the *Ring* is enormous, necessitating extra musicians. To mention a few examples, eight French horns are called for instead of the usual four, and even the harp is doubled. And because in these phenomenal scores the orchestra is heavily engaged from beginning to end, they call for more rehearsals than other works.

Wagnerian singers themselves are a special breed, and as a rule they sing little else. Most of them must be imported, sometimes for just a couple of appearances—a very costly form of operatic logistics. Sets, costumes, and everything else being on a heroic scale, there is no end to expense. Take the arsenal, for instance. In other operas there are plenty of military figures to be equipped, but in Wagner the women likewise must be provided with weapons.

HOWEVER, economic and other reasons aside, it appeared that today's public could not find rapport with this utterly Germanic musical theater. For instance, it was always taken for granted that both men and women performers had to be large and hefty in order to withstand the fury of the eloquent Wagnerian orchestra for five hours per performance. When lovers meet in, say, *Tristan und Isolde,* the bench on which they sit in the second-act duet sags and groans. We no longer like to see such heavyweights on the stage, no matter how well they sing. But above all, it was the Wagnerian arrangement of the northern saga and its deadly tempo that became dated.

The *Ring* is a story compared to which Balzac's family chronicles are mere curtain raisers. It takes nearly twenty hours to bring the

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Ring to its conclusion, and all the while the listener must put up with the most involved symbolism, a dramaturgy that is almost painfully naïve yet ponderous, and a language that would break the jaw of anybody but a specially trained German singer. No one in the Wagnerian drama acts like a natural human being (except, of course, in *Die Meistersinger,* which is a special case and for that reason has never lost its appeal).

Dramatic conflict is brought about by love potions and other artificial means. Siegfried, the hero, is incorruptible. Therefore, in order to turn his head, the covetous Gutrune slips him a spiked drink which works so well that the couple immediately retire to Gutrune's chambers. Later on, this treachery has to be undone —otherwise the story would get stuck. Nothing simpler: Siegfried takes another draught laced with a reverse-action herb, and now Gutrune becomes a wallflower while the noble German youth hotfoots it after Brünnhilde.

Arrowproof Girdles, Ugly Gods

The women are really dangerous. Aside from their penchant for drugging their beloveds, they are armed and know how to use their weapons. In fact, if any one wants to make love to them, first the lances, shields, and helmets must be taken away from them, their chargers tied up, and their arrowproof girdles loosened. Even so, as a rule they don't want to do anything so silly. By and by the operagoer discovers that the Wagnerian maidens—and not only the armored ones—just like to burn in a sort of long-distance ecstasy. None of them gets her man (always excepting Eva in *Die Meistersinger*), and none of the men ever gets past first base.

The gods stationed in Valhalla are just as incredible. They are the worst characters in mythology, constantly on the lookout for some profitable double crossing. Their relationship to each other and to the semiterrestrial creatures with whom they get involved is very nebulous. This is, of course, standard operating procedure in mythology, but in the genuine article it usually assumes a poetic touch. Wagner's quarreling gods are mean, ugly, and rapacious. Even the chief of Valhalla, Wotan, is anything but celestial, and the nobility he may assume depends on the artistry of his interpreters.

Back in Fashion?

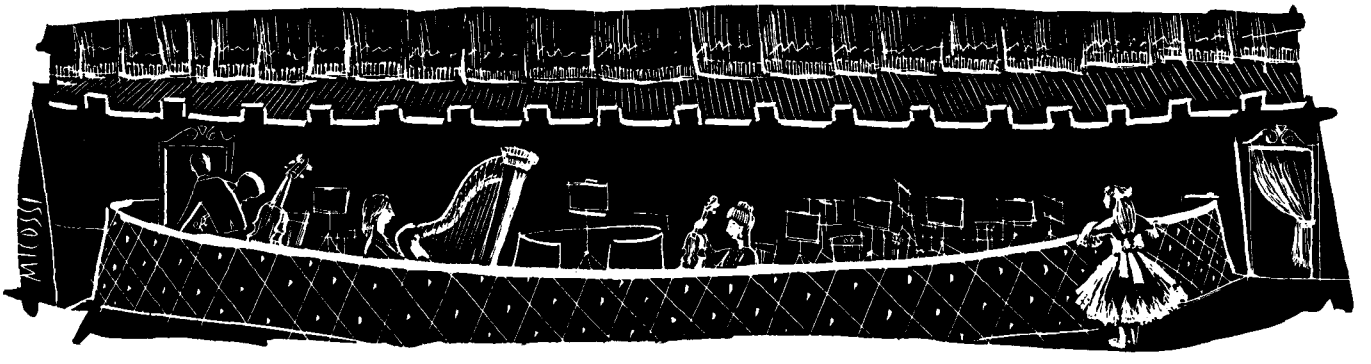
A generation or two ago, Wagner was a cult. His librettos were discussed as belonging to the highest spheres of German literature, not only in German universities but at Columbia University and the Sorbonne. A corollary to this worship was the severe downgrading of "ordinary" opera. Italian opera was for barbers and governesses, Mozart for juveniles. On Good Friday, *Parsifal* took precedence over the Passion according to St. Matthew. All this has now changed. Wagner as the dramatic poet and philosopher is no longer taken very seriously, while Mozart and Verdi are recognized as incomparable masters of opera.

Now comes Mr. Bing with a *Ring* cycle, in fact with two, usually the maximum number in previous seasons at the Met. What prompted him to present the *Ring* after a pause of six years, and in the face of proven coolness to the music dramas when occasionally presented singly, I do not know, but since he is an intelligent and knowledgeable man he must have realized that a first-class opera house cannot afford to ignore the Wagnerian operas altogether, whatever may be the customers' attitude toward them.

AND WHAT happened? The eight performances were sold out, and another four—a third cycle is being added—are rapidly being sold out too. Although the performing artists are visibly less ponderous in point of shape and size, in all other respects the cycle is presented in the old romantic production and with the old familiar stage sets. Could it be that the critics of Wagner were wrong after all and that the defenders of the faith are as numerous as ever?

The explanation is not hard to find. It is, of course, the music. We may criticize the silly, dramatized mythology, the unlovable maidens, and the ungodly gods; we may loathe the man who stole his best friend's wife and corrupted an insane king. But we cannot brush off the musician. Even the inanities on the stage are endurable once the overpowering music begins to pour out of the pit. The mammoth score of the *Ring* may sag here and there —and it does more than once—but when Wagner recovers his creative powers the torrent carries us along with it.

A thing like the third act of *Götterdämmerung,* the finale of the tetralogy, will never fade. One is simply dumfounded at Wagner's ability to sustain the flow of music at a point where one would expect that sheer exhaustion would claim a victim. The overwhelming force of this act, which comes after eighteen hours of manipulating the same musical motives, testifies to an artistic might and integrity in a wretched human character that is unparalleled in the entire history of art.



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The Voyages Of Captain Korzeniowski

ALBERT J. GUERARD

THE SEA DREAMER: A DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH CONRAD, by Gérard [*sic*] Jean-Aubry. Translated by Helen Sebba. *Doubleday. $4.50.*

It is the current literary orthodoxy to disregard the lives of great writers as irrelevant, and to attend only to the serious unromantic business of reading their texts. And it is better so. On the whole, this severe new orthodoxy is more rewarding than the gossipy old one that cared more for the inspired man's breakfast and sleeping habits than for his work.

Such an older academic attitude might cherish above all the odd fact, for instance, of a Polish ship captain (ergo a "simple" man) turned British novelist. Two generations of Joseph Conrad's readers, bemused by the initial oddity, failed to recognize the exceptional complexity of his work. And at times they mistook certain originalities of style—it is one of the great English styles—for a foreigner's clumsiness. The biographical facts misdirected attention.

And yet we must have Conrad's "life." We cannot disregard it, for the simple reason that Conrad was one of the most subjective and most personal of novelists. And the "work" was, more than is usual, a prolonged effort to justify self and come to terms with conflicts and fears by dramatizing them. So it is well to have some of the material facts, and to know that these symbolic ships and symbolic inward journeys had their basis in material reality. And it is well (since his was the great pioneer effort) to have the late Jean-Aubry's affectionate, humane, unpretentious, painstaking biographical record in its final form.

The Sea Dreamer cannot, for several reasons, be the "definitive biography" that its publishers claim it to be. It largely fails to take into account what others have written and discovered in the last thirty years, and it too often uses "autobiographical fiction" as a means of establishing biographical fact. But it represents, with the *Life and Letters* of 1927 and the French translation of Conrad's works, a noble dedication. Surely G. Jean-Aubry (the "G." stands for nothing, but is accepted to stand for "Georges") deserved more care from his American publisher of long standing than the attribution of a nonexistent first name: Gérard. The original name (since this might as well be cleared up) was Jean Aubry. The hyphen and the "G." were assumed to distinguish him from another writer.

A Hidden Fire Below

The Sea Dreamer combines much research and much love, and permits us to weigh the strange life against the tormented work. It has the virtue of being unimaginative. For the ways of symbolic action, the ways in which an introspective yet evasive novelist may "use" his own life, are devious and obscure. The most directly autobiographical fictions of Conrad are by no means his best. The long story *Youth* is a feat of memory and fine nostalgic rendering of a voyage on the absurdly ill-fated *Palestine* in 1881, 1882, and 1883. Yet *Youth,* compared with say *The Secret Sharer,* is a very slight work. In *The Arrow of Gold* Conrad again followed experience very closely; tried to dramatize, more than forty years after the event, his youthful Marseilles romance—the gunrunning for the Carlists, the affair with the mysterious Rita de Laostola who attracted even Don Carlos's attention, the duel in which he was wounded. Certain names are taken directly from life; and in fact this late novel has the curious disorder and even the flatness and often the irrelevance of literal conversational recall.

The great *Heart of Darkness,* to be sure, follows fairly closely the facts of Conrad's terrible journey up the Congo in 1890. But it is also evident that Conrad gives us much more than a Congo diary. (Jean-Aubry edited such a diary long ago.) A Georges-Antoine Klein did in fact die on board the *Roi des Belges* on which Conrad served. But the Kurtz of the symbolic novelette is rather the goal of a long introspective journey and perilous descent into the preconscious mind. Marlow and Kurtz are in a way facets of the same temperament, and *Heart of Darkness* dramatizes a testing confrontation of a primitive, outlaw self. The facts of a journey made in 1890 (which Conrad said transformed him from a mere animal) are the materials for, in 1898, one of the great exploratory dreams and great pessimistic meditations in literature.

THIS IS the mode and method of Conrad's great subjective short novels, perhaps the first works of their kind in English fiction: to make minutely rendered physical experience symbolic. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* is based on an actual voyage Conrad made in 1884. It is a tribute to this particular ship (whose solid details of size and workmanship are recorded in *Lloyd's Register*) and a tribute to the men who sailed on such ships. It does successfully seize a "passing phase of life from the remorseless rush of time." But it is also as symbolic as the Book of Jonah and *The Ancient Mariner,* both of which it distinctly recalls.

The curious story *A Smile of Fortune* is of a seaman landlocked and corrupted by the land. It is a very special case. The story would appear to be about voyeuristic attraction to a slovenly young girl. The narrator-captain experiences, on suddenly being accepted, a sudden lonely collapse of desire. But *The Sea Dreamer*—in one of its few important additions to the earlier work—offers some evidence that Conrad asked for the hand of a Mlle. Eugénie, only to learn that she was already engaged. The evidence offered by Aubry (as usual tantalizingly precise in the bibliography, extremely vague in the text) suggests that she was by no means the slovenly creature Conrad's story presents.

Master of the *Otago*

A Smile of Fortune derives, in any event, from Conrad's two-month stay in Mauritius while captain of

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the *Otago,* and marks very nearly the end of his connection with that ship, the only ocean-going vessel he ever commanded. He was its captain from January, 1888, to March, 1889. But it is the first voyage of the *Otago* that left a great mark on his fiction: superficially on *Falk,* profoundly on *The Secret Sharer* and *The Shadow-Line. The Shadow-Line,* much the more literal rendering of that becalmed journey with a cholera- and dysentery-weakened crew, professes to deal with a physical experience so trying that it tempts the narrator-captain to share his mate's paranoid unreason. And it professes to deal, more generally, with the passage of the shadow-line between youth and maturity. But what it actually dramatizes, if unintentionally, is the living through and throwing off of an immobilizing neurotic depression.

Mon Frère, Mon Semblable

The Shadow-Line (finished in 1915) is Conrad's last important work of art; *The Secret Sharer* is almost his greatest. The ways of the imagination coming to terms with memory are more than usually fascinating in *The Secret Sharer.* For here Conrad combines recollections of his first self-testing and severely outward-tested voyage (including some risky maneuvering off Kohring) with the story of the killing of a rebellious member of the crew on the famous *Cutty Sark* in 1880. The kindhearted captain of the *Cutty Sark* let his bucko mate escape to a nearby American ship. But four days later, presumably in contrition for this act of illegal charity, he committed suicide. The narrator-captain of Conrad's story seems to combine the lawless sympathy of the *Cutty Sark's* captain and the formal receiving role of the American captain. In this moral world even to dream of rebellion against law and authority is suspect. Yet the criminal fugitive to be protected or exposed is no less than one's own "double" (Conrad's reiterated key word) and outlaw-self. The great human conflict is the ancient one between loyalty to the individual (i.e. to one's brother, to one's self, to this outlaw) and loyalty to the concepts of order and society. This is, I believe, the central subject matter of which Jean-Aubry was largely unaware. *The Secret Sharer* is but a smaller and more perfect *Lord Jim,* and it is startling to discover that the two actual crimes on which these stories were based occurred in the summer of 1880.

The great personal conflict of Conrad, or at least the great conflict in his fiction, was between a very strong natural sympathy for the dreamer, the rebel, the lawless individualist, and a very strong moral and intellectual commitment to society, order, tradition, custom, law. For this reason (and because he was strong enough to master this situation rather than be destroyed by it)

Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski

Conrad's work shows, more than almost any other novelist's, an intensifying conflict and interplay of sympathy and judgment.

Less consciously, more obliquely, but often no less richly, these preoccupations and conflicts found their way into the longer novels. *Nostromo,* whose basis in overt personal experience fines down to a few days spent in Central and South America a quarter of a century earlier, is the stunning exception to the rule that Conrad could not invent. But even this dark considered indictment of the historical process dramatizes very inward matters: the continuing fears of neurotic immobilization, of isolation and skepticism, of egoism masked as liberal generosity and tenderness.

These were the immediate ways in which Conrad "used" his life and exploited his personal conflicts: either to recall certain experiences as faithfully as he could or to generalize them by turning outward voyages into inward ones of self-discovery and spiritual change.

The saving grace of Conrad's subjective fiction, apart from the initial one of choosing exciting fables, is that there was so very much mind to expose or project. Ethically and politically, if we are to take certain formal statements at their face value, Conrad was almost the most conservative of the great English novelists. His conscious commitments to order, sanity, tradition, law, nationalism, even *noblesse oblige,* were absolute. Yet no English novelist dramatizes more movingly a sympathy with the rebel and sinning individualist. Conrad too, like Melville and Dostoevsky, could write *in nomine diaboli,* and could permit the devil's share of unconscious creation. Thus, and for all his exiled Pole's hatred of the Russian oppressor, he developed much creative sympathy for Russia and Russians in *Under Western Eyes.* The novel effects a major contrast between the cleanly, orderly, democratic Swiss and the slovenly, anarchic, tyrannical Russians. But Conrad's outlaw sympathies were such that he ended by seeming to propose a contrast between complacent, comfortable Swiss and tragic, suffering Russians; between an area of the saved and the abstract and an area of the damned and human.

THERE are other conflicts than these. There is, for instance, a psychosexual situation so complex that it largely accounts for certain gross failures and inhibitions in Conrad's work and partly accounts for the very sharp decline of creative power in the last five or six novels. This matter (which is quite beyond Jean-Aubry's ken) is treated exhaustively in a forthcoming book by Thomas C. Moser, *Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline.* And there is that other dark matter of which Jean-Aubry is now more aware than in his earlier studies: the unresolved complex of guilt over the "quixotic" departure from Poland against the advice of friends and elders. Was Conrad, then, who became more British than the British and who strongly espoused the idea

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of nationalism, unpatriotic and unfaithful? The hard-earned maritime success and the hard-earned literary success were also major efforts to prove that the man who had made the one great jump from Poland, then the other great jump from the merchant marine into literature, could still be faithful to a chosen task and to a principle of hard work well done.

The second commitment at least was a lasting one, though few novelists have suffered so much the agonies of creation. Conrad ended in exhaustion, producing very inferior work. But what earlier English novelist can compete with his seven fat years from 1897 to 1904—the years in which he wrote (to name only the major items) *The Nigger of the Narcissus, Tales of Unrest, Heart of Darkness, Youth, Lord Jim, Typhoon, Nostromo?* «»

Liberty's Counsellor-at-Law

R. F. TANNENBAUM

THE LION AND THE THRONE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR EDWARD COKE, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.*

Hume says that the word "liberty" gained currency in England only in the seventeenth century. Before that the English spoke of their "liberties," the rights due to different persons or localities by custom or status, such as the Bishop of Durham's "sovereign" rights in his diocese, or a market clerk's right to collect fees. The great fascination of the history of seventeenth-century England lies in the growth of modern liberty, a general liberty shared by all citizens, out of medieval liberties—the fragmented, feudal liberties of special privilege. It was a slow, erratic, sometimes violent change that was hardly understood by the men who made it. They thought they were only asserting their traditional liberties against the king's power, but in the process they were forced to define and redefine their liberties until, by the end of the century, they had created the new liberty out of their misunderstanding of the old.

The result was that English liberty was placed squarely on the solid foundation of traditional law and constitutional practice. This was true for Englishmen everywhere. In the next century, America was able to carry into national independence a living tradition of legal liberty. If the forging of modern liberty had taken place in another way, in some other country or in a later century, America might have turned out to be quite a different place.

In a series of great legal biographies, Catherine Drinker Bowen has followed the trail of liberty backwards to this English source: Justice Holmes, Sam Adams, and now the life and times of Sir Edward Coke. Both the man and his times are drawn in a wealth of fascinating detail.

A Lion Out of Line

Coke (pronounced, to the delight of the punsters of his generation, "Cook") was a rough, terrible-tempered, narrow and prejudiced man, who in the course of his seventy-two years (1552-1634) became one of the foremost champions of liberty in history. As Attorney General to Elizabeth I and James I, Coke was a ruthless, almost rabid inquisitor of the enemies, real or fancied, of the Crown: the Earl of Essex, the Jesuits, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Gunpowder Plotters.

Called to be Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas by James I, he applied the same energy and the same arrogance to the defense of English common law against the royal prerogative. (The prerogative was, roughly, what we would call the executive power—ill-defined, formless, tending always to expand, and, at that time, considered to be above the limitations of the law.) For Coke, the best defense was offense; in case after case, he reached into his grab bag of precedents, quoting, misquoting, or simply making up ancient decisions that would support the liberties of the subject against the prerogative power.

This was not normal behavior for a royal judge; Sir Francis Bacon, Coke's great rival, had written that "The twelve judges of the realm are as the twelve lions under Solomon's Throne. They must be lions, but yet lions under the throne, being circumspect that they do not check or oppose any points of sovereignty." But Coke never knew his place; he told King James to his face that "The King is under God and the law." (Characteristically, he was quoting a thirteenth-century Justiciar, Henry de Bracton—in the original bad Latin.)

All this Coke did, not from any love for the people, but out of the consuming passion of his life, a love for the English common law in all its ancient intricacies and anomalies. To preserve this heritage he wrote a four-part *Institutes;* to preserve the decisions of his own time he wrote thirteen *Reports.* These were the Founding Fathers' schoolbooks; and in them they found strange things. Coke reports his own decision in Bonham's Case of 1610 (where, with his usual partiality, he gave judgment in favor of a fellow Cambridge man against the London medical college); in an aside, Coke declared that "when an Act of Parliament is against common right and reason . . . the common law will control it and adjudge such Act to be void." In terms of English constitutional law, then and now, this is nonsense if taken at face value; yet that is how American colonial and revolutionary judges took it, and that is how the Constitutional Convention took it. By misreading the law, Coke became the father of judicial review.

James I was the author of two treatises and numerous epigrams on the divine right of kings; Coke was consequently kicked upstairs to another court, then dismissed. In 1621 Coke was elected to the House of Commons, where he began to edify his fellow Members with historic precedents for their privileges and

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powers. He became the leader of the Parliamentary opposition to the Crown, helping to impeach his old enemy Bacon and composing the Declarations, Remonstrances, and Petitions with which Parliament tried to win recognition of its rights from the King. In 1628 he led Parliament to a great victory when Charles I, by accepting Coke's Petition of Right, bound himself to act within the limits of the law on a whole catalogue of subjects. (Charles interpreted his promise as freely as Coke had interpreted his precedents; seven years after Coke's death, Parliament felt forced to make war on the King.)

As PROSECUTOR, Coke had dealt savagely with suspects; as a judge, he had dealt summarily with the law. His books are almost unreadable now—a queer hodgepodge of dog Latin, bastard French, stately English, and mad logic. Yet he was a great man; he had more character and courage than he knew what to do with, and he rammed his harsh principles down the throats of kings. And if he was savage, partial, and pedantic, so was his age.

It is the great merit of Mrs. Bowen's biography that it re-creates, as never before, the character of this man and of the period of which he was an ornament. Hers is the first good life of Coke in more than a hundred years. It is based on tireless research. It is not, however, historically definitive; it does little to clear up the tangle of legal and constitutional puzzles raised by Coke's work, and people like Bacon, whom Coke—and Mrs. Bowen—did not like, get the back of her hand.

Also, there are 564 pages, some of which are slow going. But the evocation of the atmosphere of Coke's London, at once charming and ghastly, is perfect; the descriptions of what it meant to live under the will of a great Renaissance prince (despotism tempered by tradition) are first-class; and the narratives of the treason trials and Parliamentary battles in which Coke figured are magnificently dramatic.

Mrs. Bowen didn't intend to write an authoritative monograph. She has written, instead, a full-bodied and genuinely fascinating story of liberty's counsellor-at-law.

How To Become An International Swindler

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE INCREDIBLE IVAR KREUGER, by Allen Churchill. *Rinehart. $3.95.*

Twenty-five years ago this January Ivar Kreuger was on a visit to New York. He was then the most dramatic financial figure in the entire world, almost equally at home in New York, Stockholm, Paris, and London. His match companies and monopolies did business on five continents. He had recently made a series of loans to European and South American governments that would have been impressive to a Rothschild or Jakob Fugger the Rich. He was on intimate terms with the great; before returning to Europe he would be called to give his views on the world situation to President Hoover, who respected him greatly. The *Saturday Evening Post* had just sent to press a highly featured interview with him. By some estimates, in the preceding ten or fifteen years he had floated loans, almost literally on his name alone, totaling nearly a billion and a half dollars.

Yet at the time of this visit Krueger was in deep trouble. For the first time in his career, auditors were looking at his books. This was unsettling: In his personal accounts and in those of Kreuger & Toll (the latter his principal instrument for separating investors from their money) he was short not just by a little bit but by some hundreds of millions of dollars, the biggest swindling score in history.

In addition, Kreuger needed about $4 million immediately to meet maturing bank loans in the United States and a considerable amount more to cover interest on his vast loans from the Swedish banks. He didn't have the money, and receivership would mean that a lot more auditors would soon be at work on his highly impressionistic accounting system.

His last hope had been to sell the Ericsson Telephone Company, which he had acquired some time earlier, to International Telephone & Telegraph. But that deal had fallen through. He contemplated suicide and even mailed some suicide notes. Then he thought better of it, visited the White House, and went back to Paris. There on March 12, with unanswerable questions only hours away, he did shoot himself.

A Word for Footnotes

The relevance of these matters is partly to our effulgent times and partly that they have become the subject of this new book, which tells the story of Kreuger with restraint and, on the whole, with competence. The author might have been wiser to spend less time psychoanalyzing Kreuger and more in researching the details of his business operations. No sources are given, and the time has come when we must incite readers to violence against all authors—certainly all historians—who do not provide a decent minimum of footnotes. (A place should also be made in the quicklime for the carcasses of publishers who think that footnotes hurt sales.) I have a feeling that some of the author's figures look large even for the spacious operations of Kreuger, but in the absence

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of sources there is nothing one can do but register doubt.

WHAT CAN a young man beginning a career in swindling learn from this interesting book? One or two of the lessons are so obvious as to be almost trite. First, it is a business where there are great economies of scale. If Kreuger had been a small-time thief he would have been caught years before. But the magnificent scale of his operations won him substantial immunity from examination. It is true, of course, that a swindler has to be small and vulnerable before he becomes big and safe. There are two schools of thought as to how Kreuger negotiated this difficult stage: Some think he was exceptionally clever; others go so far as to contend that he was honest.

A second lesson, also lacking in novelty, is that the aspiring swindler must beware of auditors. For a long time, to be sure, they were no threat to Kreuger. They were his boys or else they took his word that the assets shown on his cleverly contrived books were extant—and this trusting faith was displayed, to its everlasting sorrow, by so reputable a house as the great New York firm of Ernst & Ernst. But in the end the auditors were Kreuger's nemesis. They asked the questions for which there were no answers.

If the auditors were inimical, the dynamic young swindler can take comfort from the fact that the press and the public authorities were not. So far as the record shows, Mussolini was the only public official who suspected Kreuger's integrity and intentions. No doubt he was peculiarly qualified for detecting an impostor. However, the young careerist will want to consider what new dimensions of risk the Securities and Exchange Commission, an agency that might well regard Kreuger as one of its founding fathers, has added in the last quarter of a century.

CERTAINLY Kreuger had nothing to fear from the newspapers. By the time of his last trip to New York he had been faking books, forging papers, and filching assets for several years. As Mr. Churchill makes clear, some hundreds of people had in one way or another been involved in this larceny. Some had been perturbed and some had had to be bought up. Kreuger had also been plunging heavily on the stock market, possibly in a last effort to retrieve his position. On occasion, Mr. Churchill contends, he had a tendency to become notably drunk and talkative. There were many women. By 1932 quite a number of big operators had bit the dust and suspicion was normal. After the failure of the Ericsson negotiations Kreuger, apparently, had a minor breakdown that was duly observed by business associates.

Yet no one caught on. If Kreuger had been a public official, there would have been rumors and someone would have smelled a story. His would have been the short and simple annals of an Orville Hodge.

Perish the Thought!

Part of the difference lies in the liquidity of financial institutions. Kreuger's colleagues, including the eminently respectable house of Lee, Higginson & Company, which did his American underwriting, simply couldn't allow themselves to believe there was anything wrong. Disaster for Kreuger meant disaster for them. To think Kreuger was in trouble might be to voice the thought or to act on it; speech or action based on such a premise could turn an eventual disaster into an immediate one. Better by far to suppress the thought entirely.

The newspapers helped. Neither the press in general nor the financial press in particular set much store by the unmasking of a private crook. Even a rumor that something was wrong probably wouldn't have set the reporters after Kreuger. If a ship-news man had pressed Kreuger on his arrival with some questions about his solvency or his reasons for selling Ericsson, he would have been thought eccentric or radical. Kreuger was a man to be praised; why be disagreeable and disturbing? And consider the effect of such questions on the stock of Kreuger & Toll and on those who owned it.

There were other factors. The instinct of every community, including the financial community, is to protect its own. In principle everyone agrees that crooks should be exposed; in practice it would be nicer if the exposers would go away. After all, don't they reveal their low motive, which is to discredit men and institutions of repute, by the very glee with which they go about unmasking their villains?

SO, AT LEAST, it was a quarter of a century ago. And I hazard the guess that the ambitious young swindler, if he is safely by his critical early years, can still count on a similar immunity. Walter Bagehot once suggested that no boom ever came to an end without revealing the "speculations" of houses of hitherto impeccable reputation. If so there is now, somewhere in the financial purlieus, a man with a growing reputation as a financial operator and entrepreneur and a terrible shortage in his accounts. The auditors may get him but the newspapers won't. Nor will anyone turn him in.

The sad fact is that no one much applauds the man who goes after the big swindler—at any rate before he has been found out.

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The Evolution Of Eve

MARYA MANNES

THE AMERICAN WOMAN: AN HISTORICAL STUDY, by Eric John Dingwall. *Rinehart. $4.50.*

THE 3 FACES OF EVE, by Corbett H. Thigpen, M.D., and Hervey M. Cleckley, M.D. *McGraw-Hill. $4.50.*

I am heartily sick of The American Woman. So too, I believe, are several million of us who are confronted daily, monthly, and yearly with articles, commentaries, discussions, analyses, and books which tell us, with varying degrees of heat and accuracy, either how monstrous we are in our permanent equations of aggression-frustration and dominance-inadequacy or how wonderful we are in our multiple capacities.

I don't know which are the more depressing: the indictments or the picture essays in women's magazines which take us through the day of a young suburban housewife who manages, on twelve hours and little money, to mother four children, sustain the PTA, sing in the choir, drive the car, do needlepoint chair seats, cook "imaginative" meals, and, looking like Susan Strasberg, greet her returning husband with a dry Martini and shining eyes.

There is just too much written about us; and when *Life* devotes a whole issue to what it thinks we are, the results are catastrophic. I don't see how our men, pulverized as they are, can bear the sight of us any more.

Dr. Dingwall's Diagnosis

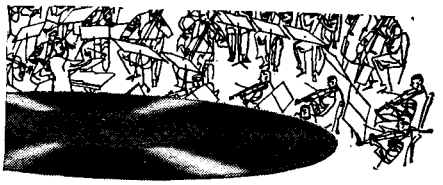
This explosion is prompted by a recent addition to this apparently irresistible study by a British "sexual anthropologist" (that's what the jacket says) named Dingwall, who has gone to great trouble to conclude that we are somewhere between the tuft-eared Tasmanian bloodsucker and a Dartmouth Ice Queen.

His research, impressive in range and volume, is wisely rooted in American sources; we are condemned, so to speak, out of our own mouths. And he shows, from the days of the Puritans up to the end of the Second World War, just how it is that we have become sex-mad, dominating, and frustrated creatures who have weakened our men and our society to what seems an irreparable degree.

There are many unarguable points in Dr. Dingwall's thesis. There *is* an imbalance in the relationship between the two sexes in America; both of them *are* frustrated; a lot of us women *are* loud, hard, and spoiled; Mom *is* a monstrous figure; and American men *are* adolescent. Sad as it may be, this is not news. Sociologists can find here ample documentation for their gloomiest views; men, after reading the book, can marry foreign women with clear consciences; and American women can react in either of two ways: pretend they are exceptions or shoot themselves.

I would advise the first, for the weakness in Dr. Dingwall's book lies partly in its solemnity (every little particle of "evidence," whether it be found in the comments of a hack writer or in a pseudo-humorous cartoon, is taken at face value), and partly in the frequency of highly questionable generalities. When Dr. Dingwall says "Childbirth in the United States is often regarded among the upper classes as a major operation or worse; and this idea is encouraged in numerous articles devoted to this subject," he is simply talking through his hat. He is also talking in past terms, for Dr. Dingwall appears to have spent his longest period of sojourn in the United States during the 1920's, and very little of his research includes the last decade. I may also venture to suspect that the doctor's firsthand experience with us is slight: the result, no doubt, of initial shock.

I INCLUDE *The 3 Faces of Eve* in this review for what may seem a peculiar reason. For this is not an-



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other study of The American Woman. It is a case history, written with painstaking adherence to truth and no sensationalism whatsoever, of a young American wife whose body was inhabited by three separate and diverse personalities. I bring it into this context not so much because of its intrinsic fascination as because I have a hunch that in the long run it may help to explain us (The American Woman) more clearly than a dozen Dingwalls, in spite of the fact that an "Eve White" may happen only once in a generation and that extreme clinical phenomena do not often serve to illuminate common behavior.

Reduced to the simplest terms (and if the book has any literary fault it is that the doctors belabor and overwrite their descriptions of the three Eves), the three personalities invading the body of this one woman were: the "original" patient seeking help, a Mrs. Eve White, shy, reticent, colorless, impeccably kind and decent, wholly conventional; Eve Black, skittish, extrovert, irresponsible, mischievous, a frivolous, superficial, but endearing playgirl; and Jane, a much more mature, contained, and powerful Eve White. Each had entirely separate mannerisms in speech, walk, and general appearance; each considered herself a separate entity somehow "related" to Eve White.

Psychologists and psychiatrists will of course draw their own conclusions as to the implications of this remarkable case. Lay readers sharing a strong human curiosity in aberration will be spellbound by what is often a moving and dramatic story (what a part the three Eves would make for an actress!).

Which Entity Has the Toni?

Sexual anthropologists and all professional hand-wringers about The American Woman might kick this thought around: The more free a society becomes, the more complex is the individual, man or woman. Eve has always had three faces, two of which were rigidly contained. Now the lid is off and all entities rise to the surface, good and bad. Let men call forth—as Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley did from Eve—the face that suits her most (and stop talking about her).

A Moment of Passion On the Croquet Court

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

PNIN, by Vladimir Nabokov. *Doubleday. $3.50.*

Anyone who has been reading the *New Yorker* during the last few years will recall a Professor Pnin, pronounced P'neen, and the writer who created that pathetic and lovable character, Professor Vladimir Nabokov, pronounced as spelled but, by non-Russians including Poles, with the stress almost surely placed on the wrong syllable in both words. There will also be a tendency to confuse the two personages or at least to grant them the same affection. Not because both are Russians who

left Russia at the same time—after Kerensky's failure to hold the revolution within the limits of liberalism—and certainly not because both are professors, for there the difference between the two is striking.

Poor Pnin never learned to manage English, and although this misfortune adds greatly to his charm as a fictional character, it led to his being considered a figure of fun by his colleagues in the American college where he taught and to his ultimate dismissal. Fortunate Nabokov learned English so well that unless something goes wrong as the result of *Lolita*—a novel he has written in English and recently published in Paris—his professorial ability will surely continue to be appreciated anywhere, save perhaps in a young ladies' seminary. Nabokov's English, unlike that of the plodding Pnin, is a precision instrument as delicate and strong as the structure of those bright and lovely butterflies about which he speaks so often, a style that permits him to convey all the things that inarticulate Pnin holds in his broken heart.

They are very different men. One, much against his will, is comic; the other is deliberately witty. One returns to his youth in Russia mainly through the memory of a series of disasters; the other composes whatever disasters he may have suffered in pictures of immense serenity (*Conclusive Evidence*, published in 1951). One has only his gentle courage; the other great artistry.

YET the writer and poor Pnin are both trying to tell us the same thing: The Grand Dukes are gone indeed but that's not what concerns and haunts them about Russia. Nabokov in almost all his writing, Pnin while endlessly mistranslating his beloved Gogol and his adored Pushkin into hilarious English, plead not for lost pomp and circumstance, or for gypsy songs, or for the Russian "soul." What they remember and seek to record are vastly simpler things: the names of the trees and flowers that bordered the path along which a boy could walk, the Russian people before the First World War who were not nobles and not peasants but professional people—Pnin's father was an ophthalmologist, Nabokov's a statesman—and that these old-fashioned gentlefolk more often than not meant well.

A scene in the novel recaptures the Russian past and merges it into the American present. Pnin has been asked to the country by a wealthy Russian of his acquaintance. Other Russian émigrés are there. In a bathing suit and wearing rubber overshoes, sensible footwear for walking through damp woods, Pnin goes for a swim in a pool beneath the trees. Happy Pnin, "joining both palms, glided into the water, his dignified breast stroke sending off ripples on either side." Then after lunch the guests play croquet; Pnin wins. Those few moments of sunlight and happiness are the lost Russia and Pnin's youth.

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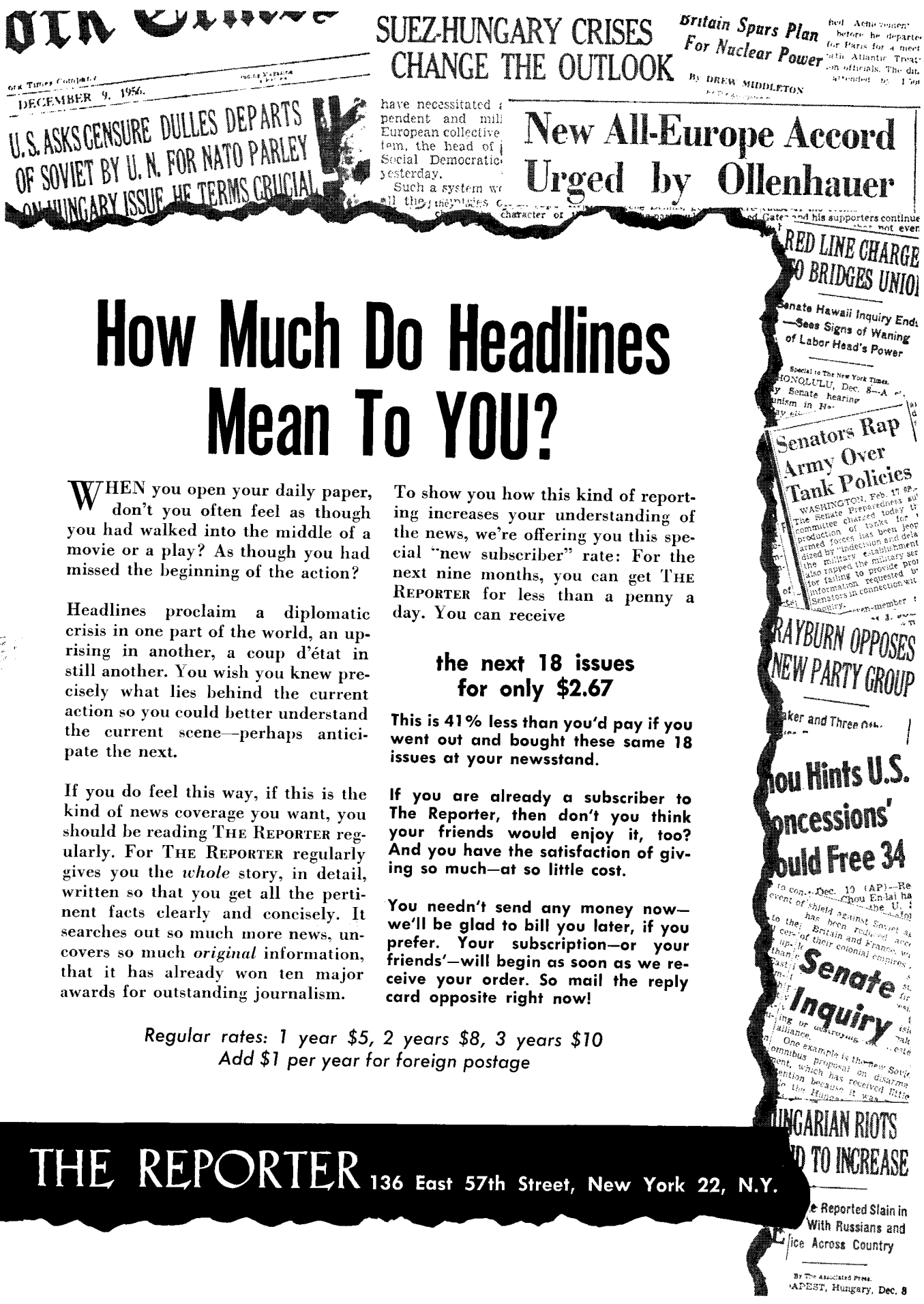

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